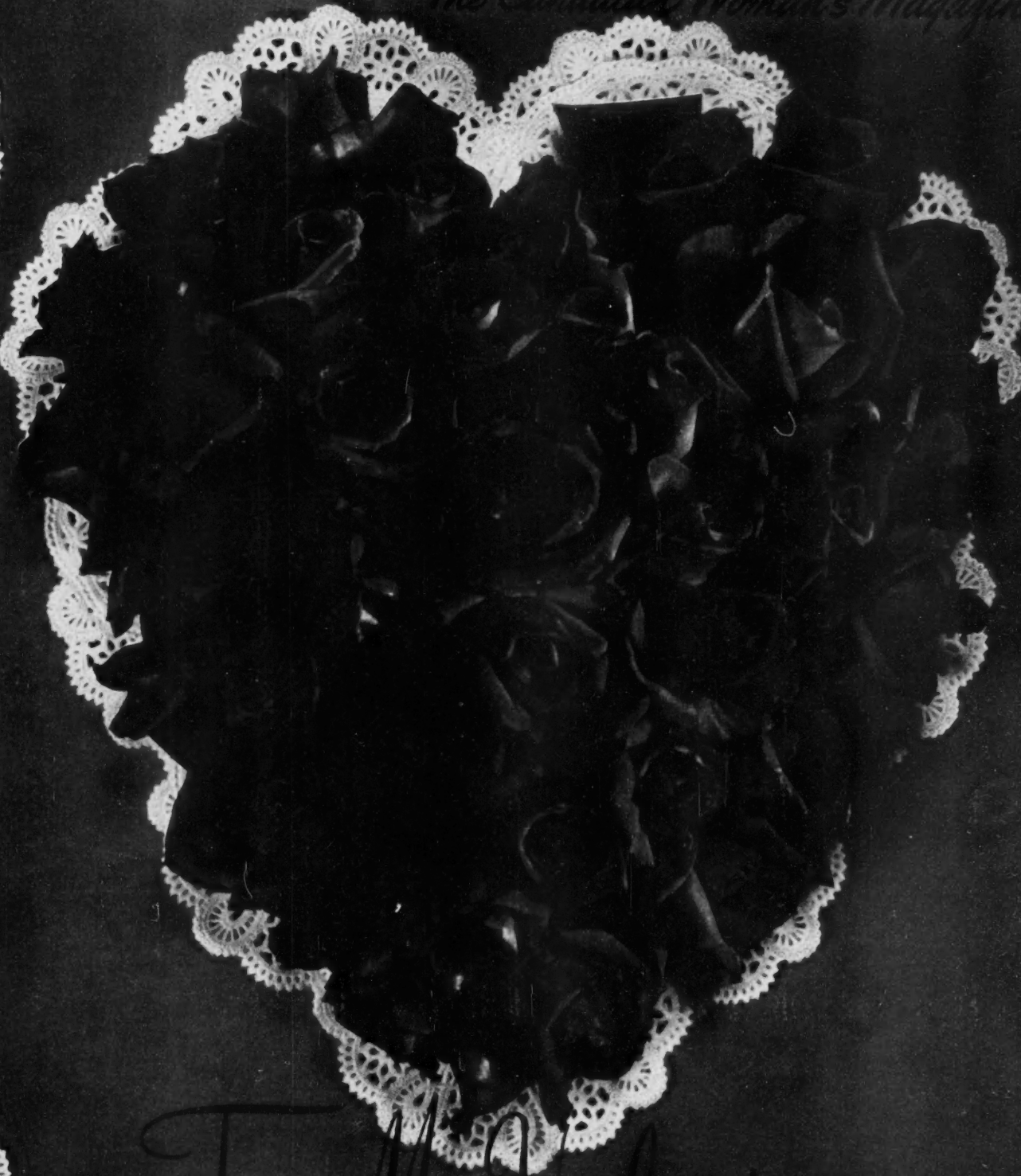


Chatelaine

FEBRUARY, 1948

FIFTEEN CENTS

The Canadian Woman's Magazine



To My Valentine

At the Sign of the Big B-A -the Customer is King!



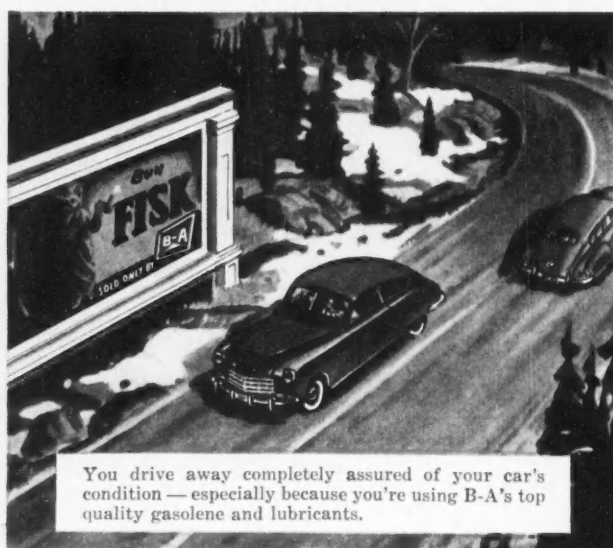
B-A Service Stations, coast-to-coast in Canada, are always clean and inviting. B-A operators really want to service your car.



A clean windshield is accident insurance; the family is safer. B-A has organized a Safety Shield Service for your protection.



Water, oil, tires, battery . . . these important points are conscientiously checked and serviced every time you stop at a B-A Station.



You drive away completely assured of your car's condition — especially because you're using B-A's top quality gasolene and lubricants.



NO COMPROMISE WITH QUALITY — NOW OR EVER

B-A petroleum products stand at the point of leadership because we never have tolerated anything less than the finest that human ingenuity can devise. In Peerless Gasolene we have a product that challenges the field; in Peerless Motor Oil ("It's Alloyed") we have a lubricant unique in its protective qualities; in B-A service we offer the motorist everything possible in maintaining his car in top performance and maximum safety.



THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

These Bread Dishes make budgets happy!

CARAMEL BREAD PUDDING

By using brown sugar instead of white sugar in your favorite recipe you get Caramel Bread Pudding—a delicious change.



In these days of high prices, bread makes your food money go further!

How happy and carefree it makes you feel when you delight your family and save money at the same time! Let bread work magic for you day-in and day-out. It makes expensive foods go farther—dresses up left-overs—gives variety and interest to meals and eases the budget. Whether eaten by itself, or combined with other ingredients your baker's bread is a highly nutritious food—substantial, satisfying, and *delicious*!

VEAL LOAF

Holds its flavor and juices better when you use equal amounts of chopped meat and soft bread crumbs.



TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES

A quick, easy main dish! Nourishing and delicious! For variety, season with a few drops of onion juice or worcestershire sauce.



STUFFED SPARE-RIBS

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of chopped raisins or prunes to your standard stuffing recipe and use it to stretch spare-ribs or roast breast of lamb.

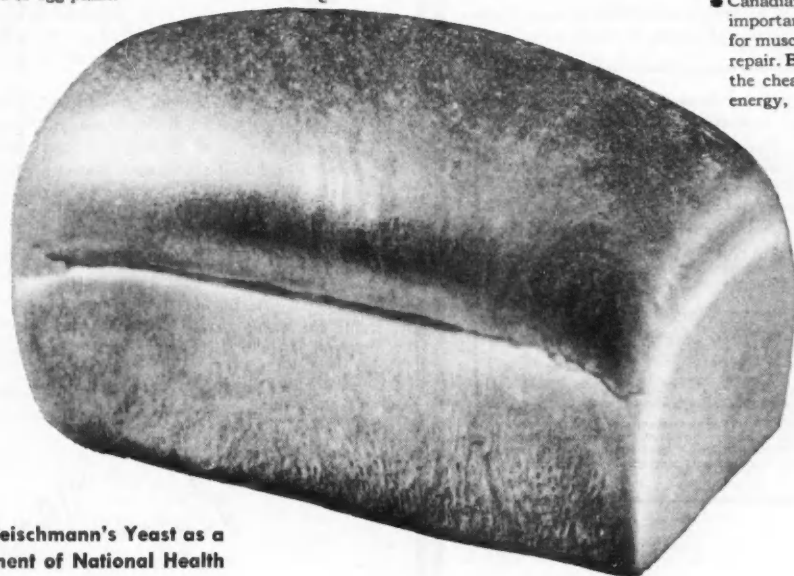


STUFFED PEPPERS

Use equal amounts of sausage meat and soft bread crumbs for stuffing green peppers, tomatoes or egg plant.



• Canadian Bakers' bread is an important source of protein for muscle building and tissue repair. Bakers' bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy, too!



Bread's Your Best Buy!

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of National Health



It's Listerine Antiseptic *Quick!* For COLDS and SORE THROATS

MOTHER knows best . . . realizes that, used early and often, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often head off a cold or lessen its severity. In countless families it's a time-tried first-aid against colds and sore throats. Here's why:

Attacks Surface Germs

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called "secondary invaders". These germs often invade throat tissue when body resistance is lowered by wet feet, cold feet, fatigue, or sudden changes in temperature.

If used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs.

If the cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic on Hand

Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record in tests over a 12 year period: those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds

and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a "must" for the whole family. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and use it at the first hint of a cold. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning and night habit for everyone.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

Some "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

P.S. Have you tasted that eye-opening MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste?

MADE IN CANADA

EDITORIAL

Cruelty to Speakers

MOST women belong to a club of some kind. Most clubs invite speakers to address them from time to time. Most speakers will admit to experiences of extraordinary rudenesses, and many, many cases of carelessness.

So, in this month of February, I suggest that we women launch a crusade of our own—a campaign against cruelty to public speakers. Even if you are, habitually, a back-bencher, you have a voice, and can therefore influence the attitude of your own group toward the men and women invited to speak to you.

The matter is one of importance. For the "face-to-face" influence of a speaker on his audience is becoming recognized as vital in any educational campaign. We want better speakers throughout Canada, to increase our knowledge and understanding. The only way to get better speakers—is to treat them better.

LET US agree that this is not the place to talk of the speaker's faults. Too many, as we all know, speak badly. They are poorly prepared. Many of them apparently do not even try to master the elements of public speaking. We have all been part of an unsuspecting audience, experiencing cruelty from speakers.

That does not detract from the need for a be-kind-to-speakers movement!

RULE NUMBER ONE, I suggest, should be this: Give your speaker the best place on your program.

Far too often, a speaker must sit through an hour or two of committee reports, business announcements, musical numbers—let alone the "few words," or the "greetings" from innumerable people. There is nothing more embarrassing than reaching a platform at eight o'clock, and with a fixed look of interest, waiting until 10 o'clock to speak, while the audience sinks slowly into lethargy.

This, without doubt, is the most widespread form of cruelty to speakers; and to audiences, too. It arises from the fact that most executives feel that they cannot lure an audience to a business meeting without the attraction of a speaker.

But, for sweet pity's sake, let your speaker have the best spot on the program—right at the start! If part of your audience do leave at the end of the address, they've probably learned more from it than they would from the details of your administrative work.

IN MY EXPERIENCE, rule number two should be this: Don't put all your courtesies into your introductory remarks and vote of thanks. Save some for your treatment of the speaker before and after the meeting.

All speakers, in a confidential mood, will tell you of experiences they have had with large and small groups who have not heeded this rule. They have had to find their own way to the meetings, by streetcar, bus, or taxi. They have had to walk alone into a crowded meeting place, and search for the president. The moment the meeting is adjourned the selfsame president who gushed with enthusiasm in the introductory remarks, will rush off to attend some crisis, leaving the speaker to push his way out of the hall, and, somehow, home again.

If the speaker is from out-of-town, clubs can bring distinction on themselves with a little courtesy. Someone to meet the train; a note of welcome at the hotel; a bowl of flowers; an enquiry about a drive to some of the beauty spots; a social engagement after the meeting—does your club watch these details?

AFTER ALL, it comes down to the fact that speakers work hard in coming to your group. Too many of the back-benchers I mentioned earlier feel that their entire responsibility lies in critical comment. A speaker is the guest of your whole group; and it is only the whole group, working as a unit, which can make him feel welcome—even if it is only by the simple gesture of filling up the front rows!

We all want better speakers for our meetings. Let's contribute to that achievement by giving them better working conditions.

Byrna Hops Sanders



JEAN KENT: Should She Be A Sultry Siren, A Comedienne Or Prince Charming?



According to the box-office, Canadians have an exceptionally active interest in the film career of Jean Kent. If they have anything special to say on the subject, now is the time.

★ ★ ★

She is currently a stand-out on this country's screens as a particularly luscious vixen in *THE MAN WITHIN*, with color by Technicolor and starring Michael Redgrave. She has just appeared on the stage as Prince Charming in a London pantomime.

★ ★ ★

Coming up is *GOOD TIME GIRL*, straight drama on delinquency, in which she stars. En route from the studio to the cutting room is a neat item called *EASY MONEY* which reveals the versatile Miss Kent to be a comedienne as well. It also poses the problem of what she should do next and henceforth. Comedienne of her ability are very rare. But so are sultry gypsies.

★ ★ ★

Since stars like to hear from their audiences and British stars are especially keen on comment from Canada, the film-goers of these parts are invited to watch the Kent trends with care and make themselves heard on the matter.

★ ★ ★

War-weary Britons seeking relaxation made the novel "The Crowthers of Bankdam" one of the fantastic successes of publishing history; read, despite paper shortages, by one of every eight men, women and children in the British Isles.

It will soon appear in film form as "MASTER OF BANKDAM".

★ ★ ★

Britons seeking relaxation, pre-war and post-war, have made holiday camps one of the fantastic successes in the history of relaxation. This also provided a very fine setting for a film comedy; to be seen shortly—and logically—as *HOLIDAY CAMP*.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon

An **Eagle-Lion** Release

"Dear Editor"

A correspondence department for readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

Not "Sick of Socialism"

Dear Editor: Mrs. Gwen Skinner's article (December Chatelaine) describing the life of the housewife in England today calls for some statistics.

When a woman's husband dies, when she lives in a country which suffered "total" war for six years, when she writes after a winter of most destructive storms, it is not surprising that life is extremely grim.

Mrs. Skinner criticizes the government for failing to reach its objective on housing, but she tells us that her family of three, having been bombed out of their home, now live in a six-room house. The Labor Government have housed a family every 20 minutes, night and day, since they were elected. It's a record which Canadians envy.

The policy of the British Government has been to subsidize essentials and let luxuries skyrocket. In May, 1947, prices were as follows: stewing beef, 10 cents a pound; prime ribs, 27 cents; cheese, 20 cents; bread, 3½ pounds for 15 cents; tea, 54 cents—little more than half the price on this continent under private enterprise. In Britain, the cost of living index, which was 100 in 1939, rose to 134 in 1945 but dropped to 131 in 1947. Meanwhile the Canadian index has risen to 143—within six points of the 1920 level.

World conditions have created severe shortages in England; queues and rationing are necessary if everyone is to have his share. The private enterprise system on this continent does not involve rationing or queues. With butter at 70 cents, only the well-to-do can buy.

Not all English housewives feel like Mrs. Skinner. In 23 by-elections since their landsweep of 1945, the government has not lost a seat. People say: "Things are bad now; but they'd be much worse under the Tories."—Isabel Thomas, Toronto.

"Weak with Femininity"

Dear Editor: Being a woman of 40-odd winters, and some of them very cold, I suppose I should welcome the long skirts for winter wear . . . but I cannot convince myself they are desirable. I cannot understand how any but the aged, the too thin, and the possessors of unlovely legs, would willingly wear such ugly, inconvenient, old-fashioned contraptions . . . What about the waste of all this superfluous cloth? How can we selfishly indulge in it when Europe needs materials so desperately? What about the extra room the "new look" takes up in crowded streetcars? And, last but not least, what about the psychological effect of these outmoded clothes? . . . Are we going to allow the fashion dictators to force us back to the "helpless femininity" of great-grandmother by smothering us in clothes and lacing us in to restrict our breathing? We've had too many dictators of late! . . . Next summer the skirts are supposed to be ankle-length or more. How nice in a heat wave! Oh, well, they'll keep off the mosquitoes. We'll probably be too weak in our new "femininity" by then to slap at them.—F. W., Toronto.

Man and Nature Conspire

Dear Editor: As a working wife and mother, I believe I have sampled almost all the experiences the field has to offer, so please let me add a few comments to your editorial ("Husbands' Jobs and Working Wives." November Chatelaine) . . . At times I firmly believe that every force of man and nature conspires to keep women from advancing in business or the professions. There are lots of rough spots over which the married woman needs help, especially when she is having a family, and if there is no family of her own on which she can fall back, or if she cannot afford extra help, she has no choice but to give up, temporarily at least.

When I got married, I had my honor B.A. degree and two years' postgraduate work. It was during the depression; I was politely fired and my husband couldn't get a job so we went on relief. When my first baby was two months old I made some extra money as a wet-nurse—perhaps a noble occupation, but I am sure I could have used my training to better purpose. To condense my recent history: I have had five children and expect my sixth this winter ("disgraceful—just like the slums"); have been forced by bad times, doctors' bills, etc., to take various jobs from time to time; have tried to keep help but discovered that paid housekeepers were letting my youngsters become complete little brats. My children needed me, not hired help . . . We are still broke, but I have taken in four or five boarders and I clear more money than I did in my most profitable working days.

Lots of us say our kids won't have to go through what we went through. Well, I say it and mean it . . . If my oldest, for instance, wishes to get married and have children while she is at college, she can bring them home to mummy and I'll see that they don't become brats. I won't see any of them fail because they can't get a maid . . . I personally am going to see that all my descendants, male and female, have equal opportunities and that the girls can marry and have careers if they want them, even if it involves opening a family nursery school.—M. H. T., Ontario.

Where d'You Eat?

Dear Editor: Your kitchen questionnaire (November Chatelaine) brought forcibly home to me the fact that two out of three of our family meals were being eaten in our kitchen corner. After realizing that a perfectly nice sunny dining room was only being used for evening dinner, I decided to do something about it and now all our meals are enjoyed in the dining room, in spite of three sons and no help. Manners and dispositions have miraculously improved and with more leisurely meal-times we hear more of our children's news from school.

With trays for setting and clearing table, and resetting after meals when possible, we have found it no more trouble and much more fun.—G. H. C. S., Toronto.

Now... Make Smart Clothes
FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY

So Easy... Such a Saving... And You Learn Right In Your Own Home!

That smart new frock you admired in the store window . . . the blouse your daughter liked so well in the magazine . . . you can easily make them yourself—for about one-third the ready-made price! And you can alter clothes that are "out of style" to suit the latest fashions!

You learn through an I.C.S. Home Study Course . . . at a cost so low you'll be amazed and delighted. It's practical training that saves you money many times over . . . helps you every day of your life. For you meet and master the fascinating details of sewing, cutting, finishing, draping and designing. You develop a style sense that is the envy of all your friends. And you know that the clothes and home accessories you make are fine quality, excellent value and in the best of taste.

4-UP-TO-DATE PRACTICAL COURSES

- Complete Dressmaking and Designing
 - Complete Dressmaking and Designing with Pattern Drafting
 - Advanced Dressmaking and Designing
 - Advanced Dressmaking and Designing with Pattern Drafting
- And the same personal, private, practical instruction is available for:

FOODS AND COOKERY

This I.C.S. Home Study Course shows you how to extend your present food budget in these days of high food costs . . . how to choose and prepare delicious foods. It is also an excellent training for professional cooks and chefs.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
CANADIAN, LIMITED
1517 Mountain Street,
Montreal,
Dept. 1892

Without charge or obligation, please send me full information on the following subjects:

(Write above the subjects in which you are interested)

Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Prof.



Style-wise Men

Choose **Monarch-Knit Socks**

ENGLISH RIB AND FANCY PATTERNS

Monarch-Knit

SOCKS FOR MEN

Famous for Quality - Foremost in Style

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED
DUNNVILLE, ONT.

Fashion

IT'S A cinch as an accessory to the new Gibson Girl silhouette. Cinch with a waist corset for invisible magic. Or be aboveboard and cinch with a wide, wide belt.

Designers are sure of victory in the long vs. short skirt contest. They've gone and dropped the length another inch or two for spring. All the way down to 10 inches for street dresses. But no one will take a tape measure to you for daring 12 or 13 inches.

Your date dress is taffeta. Its neckline plunges to a low berth collar. With it you wear a feathered half-helmet, a collar of pearls. Your date is bemused.

Petticoats are spreading themselves these days. As well they might. Bouffant afternoon dresses require their service. And rustling taffeta is most accommodating.

It's a season for separates. A sentimental shirtwaist . . . a brief camisole top . . . a low-necked jersey. Coupled with a fluid faille or taffeta skirt. Mark how expandable your wardrobe becomes.

For evening glitter drop your skirt to your ankles. Stud your blouse with rhinestones. Or spray it with gold thread. Or crochet it of delicate wool. You're in the best of form.

While we're blue with cold, some happy children of nature tan under the sultry southern sun. In barer-than-ever swim suits. Which are not only strapless but backless. The bra clamps onto your shoulder blades with a plastic band. Heavens, what next!

Montreal fashion experts took a well-deserved bow during Fashion Week held there recently . . . every day packed full of spring previews! Demure bathing-suits, frilled and full . . . strapless ones, slick and daring . . . metallic-traced fabrics . . . stark white, gold-sequinned!

Foundation garments take on new shapes . . . or rather give you a nice trimming-in. This is one control that's gotta stay!

Canadians have succumbed to the N. L. (new look). If Montreal's beautiful models on the runway hadn't first convinced us, the audience attending Montreal Fashion Institute's show would have cinched it. Buyers, fashion people from Halifax to Vancouver—they're all taking up the N. L., some in moderation, others to extremes, but all very smartly.

Midwinter sign of spring. The turned-up brim tilted to the right. In off-white now, in vernal shades later. We're in for a silhouette that's flatteringly moderate, praise be.

Hats are sliding forward when they're not shying sideways. Little

Inverted Tulip

One of the loveliest silhouettes in decades: Christian Dior's open tulip skirt "Diorama" and bell-shaped jacket. This dramatic design is influencing contours throughout the fashion world. The suit, "Palais de Glace," is of titian-brown wool trimmed with brown persian.

Harem Style

Jean Desses' afternoon dress, gunmetal-grey crepe. A striking example of superb handling of fine fabric. The roll collar is tailored, the bodice smooth with crossover closing—a study of simplicity in line of contrast to the very full harem skirt.

From the couturier collection of T. Eaton Company, Ltd.



Shorts



dipped brims in pastel felts. Flower-trimmed and as ladylike as you please.

Coming silhouettes cast their shadows before. Foreshadowing spring suits is the two-piece brocade. The jacket's brief and snugly. The skirt is flowing and full.

Watch for the little suit this year. It has a tiny, fitted basque jacket... neat collar... natural shoulders... and a butterfly skirt. It's romantic and youthful.

Darling of the balmy days ahead will be the bolero. But you needn't wait. Jump the gun and top your ballerina skirt with a tiny checked jacket.

Following the sun this winter? Get into the swim with a strepless batik-print suit. A long, long skirt wraps around you when you emerge from the deep.

And plan a travelling ensemble that will triumph later in the Easter parade. A capacious cape lined to match the print of your dress. Always take the long view.

If slenderer you would look, confine yourself to a single color in your costume. And to shoes that have a long vamp. Steer clear of the spring's intricate strap arrangements clutching the ankles. They're for the willowy.

Queue up for a peep into the future. At a tuxedo suit featuring a double-breasted waistline jacket and pleated bosom front. Wait till the men hear about this. Is nothing sacred?

The names some of these styles have! For instance, the melon silhouette. As typified by a town dress with skirt pleated to the knees; then caught in a band to shape the bottom of the melon. You're seeing it up-ended, of course.

Citrus growers to the contrary, there'll be a bumper orange crop this spring. In spectrum shades from palest gold to burnt orange and amber. To replace red as navy's favorite teammate.

Pastels will make time, too. Especially strawberry soda pinks and light blues. Creams and greys will remain neutral.

Waists will get a build-up. With high-riding cummerbunds to climax whirling skirts. The new look is high-waisted.

The postillion coat rides again. Its coachman's double capes and voluminous skirts will be in the driver's seat when the hounds of spring are on winter's traces.

To go with the postillion coat, the squared-off postillion hat. With elevated crown, cloche brim, and yards of veiling. And many eyes to follow you.

Your shoulders will be narrower this spring. So concentrate on height rather than width in millinery. Built-up crowns, profile brims, and up-in-the-air trimming will add the inches.

Question. Will bags be large or small? Answer: Small—to match your small-waisted silhouette. And with wrapped coats and capes, a "clutch" bag without a handle.

Dresses dip but slacks are climbing. Coolie trousers are a new idea in casual attire. With coolie jacket in bright contrast. Only the rickshaw is lacking.

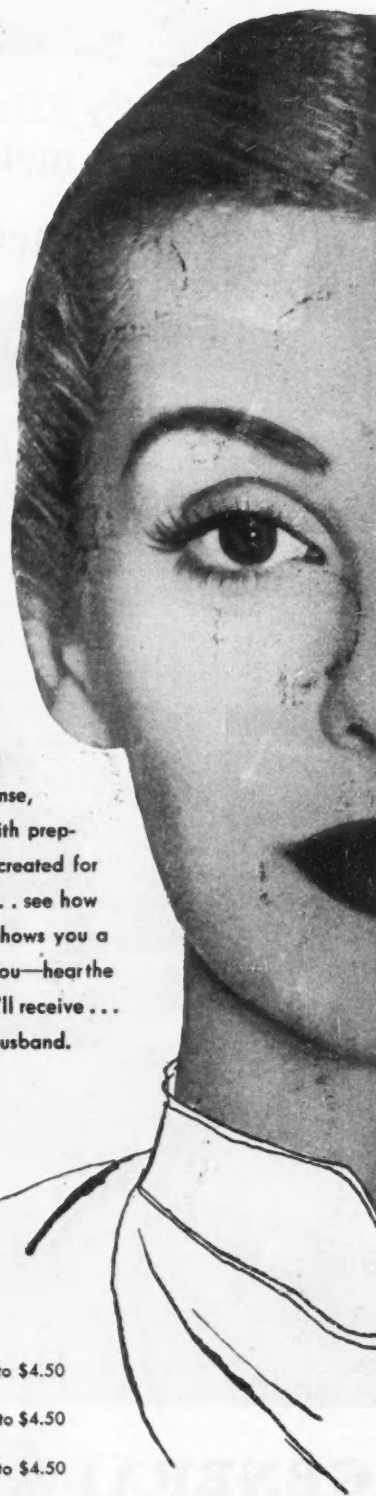
New like - mother - like - daughter twosomes. Both in striped cotton blouses and flaring wool skirts. To add the note Victorian, cameo-caught ribbons around their necks.

She walks in beauty. In a crisp taffeta suit. Her skirt has a captivating bustle-back. Her little jacket bustles with importance too.

Over it goes an elegant fitted reefer. High of collar, round of shoulder, padded of hips. With graceful skirt flanges to complete the curve.

BEAUTY BASICS

... the Dorothy Gray formula for beauty... simple, modern, quick to achieve results. It takes only a few moments each day to help keep your skin smoother, softer, glowing with a fresh, vital look. Cleanse, stimulate, lubricate with preparations expressly created for your type of skin... see how soon your mirror shows you a new and prettier You—hear the compliments you'll receive... even from your husband.



CLEANSE

- For Dry Skin
Dry-Skin Cleanser, \$1.25 to \$4.50
- For Normal Skin
Salon Cold Cream, \$1.25 to \$4.50
- For Oily Skin
Salon Cold Cream \$1.25 to \$4.50



STIMULATE

- For Dry or Normal Skins
Orange Flower Skin Lotion, \$1.10 to \$2.25
- For Oily Skin
Texture Lotion \$1.10 to \$2.25



LUBRICATE

- For Dry or Normal Skins
Special Dry-Skin Mixture \$2.50 to \$4.50
- For Oily Skin
Suppling Cream \$1.25 to \$2.25



Dorothy Gray

AMERICAN DESIGN/OF BEAUTY TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

Light means life and
happiness at home



GENERAL ELECTRIC LAMPS

She's a lucky child . . . good lighting adds to the comfort and happiness of her home and safeguards her eyes against strain. Give your family the same pleasure and protection — buy General Electric Lamps —

THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

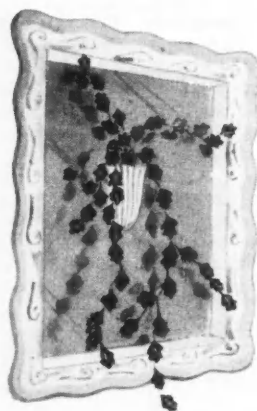


CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC LTD.
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

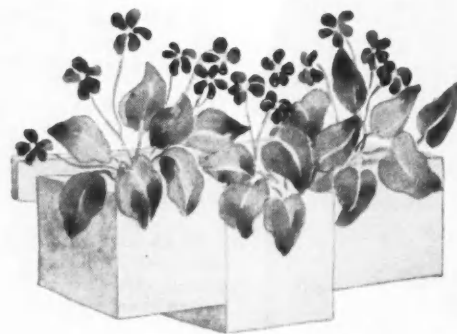
They grow: they decorate

Designs by Peter Hanes

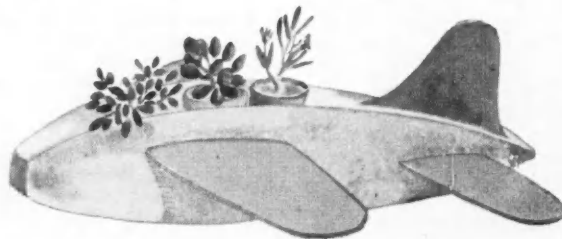
It's a long winter, isn't it, and rooms, like people, have that tired feeling. You can sit back and wait impatiently for spring, or you can freshen up your immediate outlook with a few simple growing things attractively displayed. Showmanship with indoor plants is a fascinating hobby, involving a bit of carpentry here, a flick of the paint brush there, and your own ingenuity all along the line. You may discover some interesting containers in the kitchen cupboard, 'way back — the shiny brown bean pot, a hanging salt-box to be prettied with paint, an old wooden salad bowl that makes a perfect setting for some of the spring flowering bulbs now almost ready to burst into bloom. Or see if you like some of our special suggestions alongside.



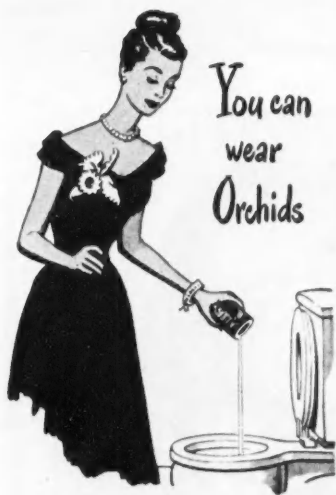
Frame-up for ivy. Got an old-fashioned ornate picture frame—the kind you've banished to the attic long since? Here's a way to bring it downstairs again. Paint the frame to harmonize with the lightest neutral tone of your room scheme—say, white or beige or grey. Have a sheet of mirror (plain or colored, as you wish) cut to fit, and at the same time ask the glass supply dealer to bore a hole at the centre—to take the screw support for a pottery wall sconce. The latter should tone with the frame's finish. Grow your favorite kind of ivy in water or soil therein. You'll be enchanted with your new "picture" of living green, each shapely leaf reflected in the glass.



Violets by the box. Once you've mastered the whims of African violets, you'll want to feature them in your living room the year round. Prod the amateur carpenter in your family to make a simple set of three wall boxes, about six inches square; join together, lowering the middle one slightly for variety, and brace onto a sturdy back-board which fastens to the wall. Boxes should have a shallow tin tray or lining, or you may prefer the time-honored saucer under each pot. (African violets are always watered from below.) When the wood is left natural color and waxed, the harmony with velvety purple flowers and dull green leaves is most effective.



A smooth take-off. Youngsters learn responsibility and routine when they have something of their own to look after. You might even decoy a boy's interest in indoor gardening if you started him off with this model-plane container. The body can be roughly carved out of soft pine; wings and tail cut from shingles; then the whole contrivance painted. The trough section should be lined with tin. Several tiny pots of succulents, which grow sturdily and in some cases flower, might be the centre of interest here.



You can
wear
Orchids

Horrors! You've forgotten to "see to" the toilet bowl! And guests coming. But, it's all right, lady—keep your orchids on. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl. No fuss, muss or feathers. And no work. Sani-Flush cleans away stains and film—disinfects—leaves only odorless toilet bowl freshness.

Safe in all toilet systems. Works in hard or soft water. At everybody's grocer's. Two handy sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Sani-Flush

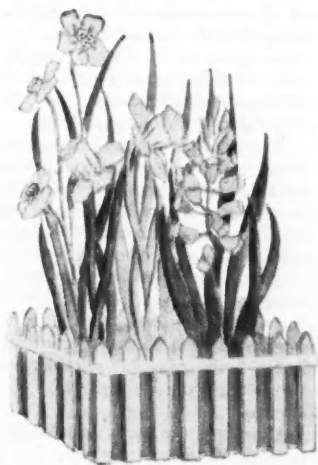
USE
TWICE
WEEKLY



Sunny window corner is indicated for this three-tiered stand to hold cacti. On one side the rear supports of the quarter-round shelves could be fastened to the window frame; those on the opposite side would parallel the glass.



Heart shapes of philodendron leaves trail gracefully from an urn set on a painted pedestal, which, for all its elegance, is homemade. The curlicue ornament which tops the shaft was salvaged from a Victorian bedhead.



A garden in miniature. A little girl would enjoy tending this plot. Base is an ordinary cake-pan with straight sides; picket fence, held in place by the horizontal strip, is painted white. +

was I mad#-- $\frac{3}{4}\%$!!!



- 2 -
next thing I knew they had the dog in the house... They even had him on the bed where I had all my new Colonial sheets laid out. The mud! You never saw such a mess - was I mad#-- $\frac{1}{4}\%$!!!
However there's one consolation, those same sheets can take it and they certainly wash well.
Jim and I went over to the Gordons the other nite for bridge and I never saw such cards in my



A
Tex-made
FABRIC
MADE IN CANADA
by
DOMINION TEXTILE
COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL

BLEACHED COTTONS • DYED DRESS FABRICS

A Century of Brilliance

Treasures handed down from previous generations gleam in their original beauty when cared for by Goddard's Silver Polishes. These fine old English products have an enviable reputation for removing tarnish quickly and easily without injury to your silverware.

62A

Goddard's

Plate Powder and Silver Polish

Famous for over 100 years

Agents for Canada

Bone, McKenzie & Roy Ltd., Toronto

False Teeth?

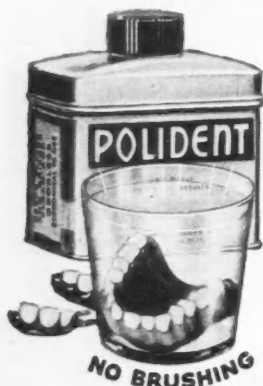


DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"



*You can't
Brush Off
Denture
Breath*

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser.

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily*

**RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS
THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER**

**LOOSE
FALSE
TEETH?**

**Amazing New Cream
Holds Tighter, Longer
than anything you ever tried
or double your money back**

POLI-GRIP
Made and Guaranteed by
POLIDENT

Brief Encounter



Dettloff Photo

Problems Fixed Here

by M. A. Francis

THERE'S AN energetic, chic, vivacious woman in Vancouver who makes her living out of other people's problems. Her name is Natalie Bury, her project is known as Universal Personal Services, and her motto in business is "anything, any time, anywhere."

When a young deb decided she must at all costs learn to rumba before the Season began, she came to Mrs. Bury for some quick help. Natalie taught her. Last heard from, over the rhythm of the maracas and the clavas, the girl reported Having Wonderful Time.

When a Toronto businessman transferred to Vancouver and couldn't find a suitable home for his family, he put the problem squarely on Mrs. Bury's desk. It took her a month to solve that one, but solve it she did, hired cleaning women to make the place spotless, arranged the furniture as soon as it arrived, ordered curtains to suit, and the day wife and children appeared they were ushered into a house complete with flowers in the living room and groceries in the kitchen.

A pretty girl in badly assorted clothes came to Mrs. Bury recently. She was, she explained, a waitress, but her ambition was to go much beyond that in the world of work. She had finally come to the conclusion that it was the matter of appearance which held her back.

"I have saved \$350," she went on.

"Please, please help me choose some clothes. Please make me look the way you look."

That was another indication of her ambition, for Natalie Bury is one of the best-dressed women in Vancouver. She plunged right into that problem by explaining that two or three good outfits would do more for any woman than a closetful of trashy things, and that any costume is only as smart as its accessories.

It took several days of shopping, "but when I was finished, that girl was terrific," Mrs. Bury recounted, with an eloquent gesture of her hands and a rolling of her expressive brown eyes. "It gave me a thrill to see the transformation."

That's probably the secret of her success. Mrs. Bury puts her heart into her work. She has a sophisticated air of cosmopolitanism about her, but there's plenty of warmth beneath it, and her clients have no hesitation in pouring out their difficulties to her. In Vancouver, and indeed farther afield, her name has become a byword. When someone hears of a friend stumped by a problem, the advice often is, "Why don't you see Natalie Bury? She'll help you. She's a resourceful person."

NATALIE HAS had to be resourceful. She has been twice widowed, and has had the responsibility of bringing up two sons and a daughter. Her own personal history is filled with variety as to place,

Flash
SLIDE FASTENERS

EASY TO BUY - EASY TO USE - MADE IN CANADA

ONE TO A PACKAGE
•
CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

SLIDE FASTENERS
FOR HOME DRESSMAKING AND SEWING

EASILY ATTACHED
SMOOTH SLIDING
WILL NOT RUPT

IN LENGTHS AND COLORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
POPULARLY PRICED

ASK FOR "FLASH" FASTENERS
IN THE HANDY GREEN
PACKAGE AT LEADING
DEPARTMENTAL
CHAIN AND
DRY GOODS STORES

FLASH FASTENERS
OF CANADA LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

Amazing ...
SO SOFT
AND LOVELY
AFTER YEARS
OF USE!

*The lasting
loveliness of fine
pure wool quality*

MOSSFIELD
Blankets

PORRITTS & SPENCER (CANADA) LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

people and episode. She was born a countess in Czarist Russia; fled with her family to Siberia before the advance of the Bolshevik army; became one of the thousands of exiled White Russians in China; and had her first experience of Canada in 1924 when her father received permission to bring a number of Russian families, including his own, to settle here. Two years later Natalie, then 17, married—and promptly left for Europe with her husband, who was with the Canadian government service abroad. All through these eventful years she had been picking up her own kind of education: music, dancing which she loved, costume design and interior decorating. When her husband was stationed in Riga she won the women's tennis championship of the Baltic states. On quiet evenings she devoted herself to chess and reached tournament stature.

At 27 she was back in America, a widow with two small sons. Two years later she married George Bury, son of the well-known Canadian figure, Sir George Bury, and some years after that she found herself in Vancouver, a widow once more, but with a young daughter added to her responsibilities. Thus, out of personal necessity and considerable experience in practical problems, Natalie Bury's business was born.

Shopping is one of her major undertakings. Patients in hospital ask her help, not wanting to bother relatives. Brides-to-be sometimes leave the whole matter of trousseau selection to her. People coming to town from the country for a few days use her services to make appointments with doctors, tailors, beauty salons. She escorts children and older people; finds baby sitters and apartments in a city where both would seem nonexistent to the naked eye; plays private detective on occasion to track down missing persons or girls who have run away from home. She has been the efficient entrepreneur in dozens of business enterprises, especially those involving people who can't arrange a meeting locally.

NATALIE BURY makes a good living out of her business, though it's said she's a sort of Robin Hood in the matter of fees, giving full service for very little sometimes.

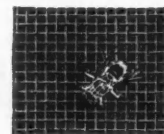
People who are well able to pay—and these constitute the majority of her clients—are charged according to the time and money expended. When shopping is done for out-of-towners, the fee is 10% of the value of the goods purchased. For assisting businessmen to launch new enterprises or promote particular deals, her rate is five per cent of the capital involved.

However, as many of the problems dropped in her lap from time to time are in the category of unpredictable, she finds it best to work out her charges according to the individual job.

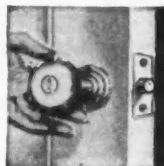
West Coast radio programs have featured Natalie Bury and her talent for dealing with other people's problems. "I like telling women how to be happy," she says. "I have been happy all my life in spite of problems, so I just tell them what I have learned, living all over the world. I tell my audience that charm is the secret of everything, of happy marriage, of getting a husband and holding him. And charm is mental; it's keeping gaiety, enthusiasm and the ability to laugh. If a woman can do these things, she can be happy." ♦



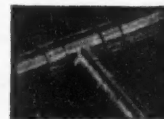
"WE'RE FIXING IT FOR KEEPS THIS TIME, SONNY"



Screens rusty? Plan now to replace them with durable bronze that will never rust. It's the time-tested standard of quality for screens.



Solid brass hardware, durable and distinctive, will never rust... indoors or out. It remains newer-looking, smoother-working, year after year.



Put an end to rust-clogged or leaking water pipes with Anaconda Copper Tubos. Easily and quickly installed by your plumbing contractor.

THIS REPAIR JOB would not be necessary had copper been used in the first place. For sheet metal work of copper is an outstanding investment in durability and money-saving, rust-free service.

If a look at your own valleys, roof flashings, gutters and downspouts reveals serious rusting, plan now, before walls and ceilings are damaged, to replace them with time-tried copper.

We suggest that you discuss needed repairs with your sheet metal contractor now. The more time you give him, the more likely he will be able to obtain Anaconda Sheet Copper—your assurance of utmost quality. Also write for our free booklet, "Your Enduring Home".



ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

(Since 1922 Headquarters in Canada for Copper and Brass)

Main Office and Plants: New Toronto, Ont.

Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Square Bldg.

Anaconda Copper & Brass

When baby cries because of "Childhood Constipation"



... give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children — again available in the Family-Size Bottle."

WHEN your usually-happy baby frets and cries . . . when he's upset merely because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's time to do the wise thing.

Give him Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Why it's right for children

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs and will not cause griping or discomfort.

CASTORIA

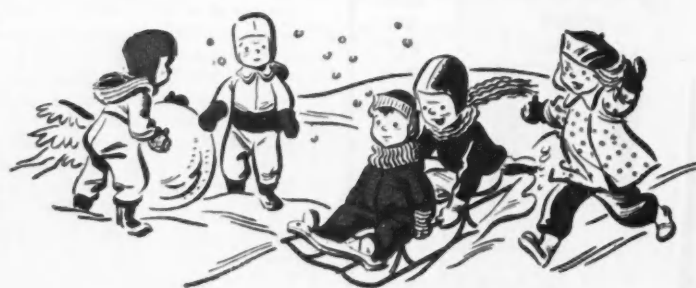
The **SAFE** laxative
made especially for children

And Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle.

Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children. And remember . . . the money-saving Family-Size Bottle is back!



Child Health Clinic



Active sports of the child's own choice, plus a careful diet, are the two factors in treating obesity.

"My Child is Too Fat"

by **Elizabeth
Chant Robertson, M.D.**

OVERLY fat children are greatly handicapped both physically and psychologically. If their excessive weight is not checked and they grow up obese adults their prospects for future good health are much poorer than normal.

What is meant by overly fat? Probably the only weight tables that will be available to you are those listing the average weights for children of given heights and ages. If your child's weight is more than 20% above the average weight stated and if in addition you can demonstrate a very thick pad of fat when you pinch his skin at the side of his waist, he is probably overly fat.

Excessive fatness in children often used to be blamed on some glandular abnormality. In recent years it has been shown that this is very rarely the cause. Well over 95% of these fat youngsters have perfectly normal glands. By the use of special tests and by X-ray examination your doctor can rule out the possibility of abnormal glands. The usual cause of overweight—and this applies to adults as well as children—is overeating.

Dr. Hilda Bruch has published a series of excellent scientific discussions on the detailed study of 140 obese children. Their ages ranged from two to 13 years of age. Her findings give us valuable information on the underlying causes of this trouble and suggest ways of preventing it. She found that not one of these fat children had learned to eat a well-balanced mixed diet. They all ate far too much of the starchy and sweet foods, such as bread, cake, pie, candy, soft drinks and ice cream. The children of Italian families ate great quantities of macaroni and spaghetti. Many Hebrew youngsters took sour cream at every meal. All the youngsters disliked vegetables, salads and all fruits except oranges and bananas. Few of them ate eggs regularly—and incidentally eggs are not only very nutritious, but they have a high satiety value. In other words they have a marked tendency to satisfy the appetite. All the

children studied ate a great deal between meals—in fact they often consumed more between meals than at meals, and some of the mothers even claimed that they were not big eaters!

A large number of them had not been weaned from a bottle until after the age of two. Two thirds of them were either "only" children or the youngest in the family. As a result their mothers were too concerned about them, did too much for them and didn't encourage them to become normally independent. In some cases the abnormal accumulation of fat followed an operation, even a comparatively minor one such as the removal of the tonsils. Some of the mothers were immigrants who had experienced famine in their own childhood and who were determined to prevent such a misfortune in their own children. They certainly overdid it!

It is well to remember that children grow slowly between the ages of two and five years. Therefore they do not need a large amount of food. If your preschool youngster is acquiscent you can get him to eat far more than he needs and he will become too fat. If he is self-assertive, your attempts to persuade him to eat more than he needs will probably result in his refusing some of it and may lead to feeding problems.

Providing your child with plenty of interesting activities, congenial playmates and opportunities for energetic outdoor exercise will help to guard against obesity. Not infrequently the obese youngster is unhappy either at home or at school, and he finds solace from his troubles by constantly nibbling food. Sometimes it is some maladjustment on the part of the mother that prompts her to overfeed her child. In this case food forms too great a bond between her and her child. One mother when questioned, admitted that she stuffed her child "like a goose." Teaching children to do all they can for themselves helps to keep parents from being too anxious about them.

Not infrequently it is found that all the members of an obese child's family are overweight. Usually the mother is an expert cook who delights in producing pies, cakes, and other such delicacies and enjoys seeing her family eat them. In order to overcome the difficulty, it



Baby Sitters Like Evenflo Nursers!

Easy to use! Nancy just takes a sealed Evenflo Nurser from the refrigerator, warms it, turns up the nipple and it's ready for feeding.

Nurses better! Evenflo Nipple's twin valves automatically let air into the bottle as food is withdrawn. This provides smooth nursing action and enables babies to finish their bottles better. Modern Evenflo Units (nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one) 25c at baby shops, drug and dept. stores. Parts 10c each.



Evenflo
"America's
Most Popular Nurser"
Now Available in Canada



BOTH 28... BUT



Unretouched
photo

Unretouched
photo

HER SKIN SAYS 35!

If your skin is adding years to your looks, start using triple-action Noxzema Cold Cream regularly. It *deep-cleanses*—removes surface dirt that clouds your complexion. It *softens* and *smooths* out dry-skin lines and roughness. It *stimulates*—makes your skin glow.

Use this unique cold cream for just ten days—then see if your face doesn't look fresher—y younger! Get Noxzema Cold Cream at any drug or department store today. 17¢, 29¢, 55¢.



NOXZEMA
cold cream

is necessary for her to revise her whole system of meal planning. She should cut down on the fatty, sweet and starchy foods that she serves and should use her skill in preparing delicious salads and tempting vegetables. Her whole family will benefit.

Shortly before or shortly after puberty boys and girls grow rapidly in both height and weight. This is a natural process and should not cause concern unless the weight gain is excessive.

Dealing With Overweight. If you have an overly fat child in your family you should consult your physician about the condition promptly. It is relatively easy to control the diet of a young child, but in order to treat the condition successfully in an older child, the youngster himself must be interested enough in reducing his weight to observe the rules laid down. If the child is not willing to co-operate little can be accomplished. As a beginning it is wise to have the youngster keep an honest record of everything that he eats during a whole week. This should be his own responsibility. Then your doctor can instruct you and your child on what changes must be made. Of course your child should still eat enough proteins, vitamins and minerals to keep up his health, but the amount of fats, sweets and starchy foods should be reduced. He should eat no candy, cake, cookies, jams or sugar, and no sweet or starchy desserts. Often it is only necessary to keep on this strict diet for three to six months. Lean meat or fish, colored vegetables and fruits will form the bulk of the meals. Only half a slice of whole-wheat bread and one glass of skimmed milk are allowed at each meal. The food should be taken in three reasonable meals, with nothing but a little fruit between them.

However, you should certainly have an expert plan your child's diet so that none of the essentials are left out. If the degree of obesity is only moderate, keeping the child's weight stationary will have the desired effect. A quantity of fat that is moderately excessive for a small child will be normal for the same child when he is a few inches taller. But if the youngster is very heavy, both his physical activity and his social adjustment are much handicapped. In such youngsters it is necessary to induce a considerable loss of weight. This is essentially a medical problem and your physician should be in charge of the program. Some physicians believe that the dietary restrictions should not be enforced if as a result the child becomes irritable or unhappy. Others do not think it wise to restrict the child's eating habits at all because of the possibility of upsetting the child's behavior.

In addition the child should be stimulated to take more exercise. As these youngsters are usually lethargic it is best to begin with moderate exercise at first, such as walking. Later on the child should be encouraged to indulge in active sports, preferably of his own choice.

In such obese individuals there seems to be some derangement of what we might call the satiety centre in the brain. In other words these youngsters do not feel satisfied after eating the amount of food that would satisfy a normal individual. Fortunately the trouble can be remedied by the use of appropriate diets.

WHEN TO ADD NEW FOODS TO Baby's Menu

Like adults, babies sometimes need special diets. Trust your doctor to know best what solid foods your baby should start on, and when. However, most normal babies are ready for Heinz Baby and Junior Foods at the ages suggested here. Your doctor will advise you as to quantities.

YOUR BABY AT FOUR MONTHS

He's learning now to amuse himself . . . holds his toys . . . stretches his muscles . . . laughs out loud at his own private jokes. The doctor has probably given mother the go-ahead sign on solid foods, and baby is discovering the smooth texture and tempting flavour of Heinz Baby Foods. Mother chooses from the 22 varieties with perfect confidence, knowing that all Heinz Baby Foods are carefully selected from the choicest, freshest foods . . . cooked to retain minerals and vitamins in high degree.

YOUR BABY AT EIGHT MONTHS

He's creeping about the house now . . . exploring things under his own power . . . and making good speed. It's possible too, that he's made the momentous change to three meals a day . . . and he's probably enjoying a much wider range of Heinz Baby Foods. Threesoup varieties, twomeat varieties, eight vegetable varieties, and nine desserts accustom him to many different tastes . . . give him the wholesome nourishment he needs.

YOUR BABY AT TWELVE MONTHS

He'll have trebled his birth weight and gained about nine inches in height. And his teeth? He may have six! Time for mother to start serving him coarse-textured Heinz Junior Foods. The twelve varieties of Heinz Junior Foods include soups, meat products, vegetables and desserts. They contain no spices and only a moderate amount of salt. And baby may be served more varieties without waste because each five-ounce tin provides just enough for one plentiful serving.



Heinz Baby Foods

Look for the complete line of 22 Baby Food Varieties at the sign of the Heinz Baby when you are shopping.



Good News! After a long absence, Heinz Junior Foods are back on the market again—in good supply.

57



Trades fame for love! Named for the Canadian Olympic Ski Team of '48, Margaret Jean Burden of Montreal declines... in favor of being happy bride of Arthur Andrew Bruneau.

Ski Queen Marries!

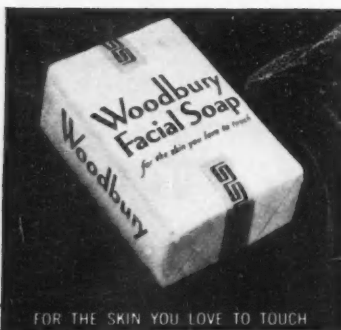
SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



Laurentian courtship! Rugged campers melt snow for coffee—and Margaret's snow-queen complexion "melts" Art's heart! (Woodbury is her beauty soap, girls... try it, yourself!)



"Snow or shine—it's a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to smooth my skin!" says Margaret. "That so gentle—so mild—lather, plus warm 'n' cold rinses, coaxes soft sparkle!"



Beauty-cream ingredient makes Woodbury different. It's extra-mild... divine for sensitive skin! Try this beauty care of marrying debs... see your skin look fresher, lovelier!

(Made in Canada)



Yummy—Margaret's "home-cooking." But quicker way to Art's heart—her delectable complexion! Take it from a man, girls—Woodbury beauty-skin wins! Cue for you!

Fan Fare...



Cary Grant Plays Angel

MOVIE ANGELS and their engaging pranks have become familiar devices in the past year or so. Now comes the most attractive of the lot, and—surprise, surprise!—who should it be but Cary Grant. He is the central figure in "The Bishop's Wife," a fantasy adapted from Robert Nathan's book of the same name, and given first presentation at a Command Performance in London. It's a Christmas story but you can properly tag it "good-any-time."

Dudley, the angel, does not limit his visibility to any one person; he spreads his charm and helpfulness among a number of bewildered and unhappy earthlings who come and go in the bishop's household. However, only Henry Brougham, the gentleman in the gaiters, knows Dudley's identity; indeed the bishop started the whole train of events by asking for heavenly guidance after an argument with a wealthy

parishioner who refused to support the project of a new cathedral. Dudley, as the immediate response, was a little more than the bishop bargained for; especially as the entire menage, down to the dog, falls happily under the spell of the angelic visitor. But it all works out for Henry Brougham's own necessary regeneration. He sees that misdirected ambitions have made him neglectful of his family and unmindful of the real religious needs of his flock.

With less capable actors and under less perceptive direction, the picture could have mired in sentimentality. As it is, it's something you shouldn't miss. The humor, which originates in the very human tangle between the principals rather than in supernatural wire-pulling, is of the kind anybody can take, and gladly. You'll enjoy our old friends, Loretta Young, David Niven, Monte Woolley and James Gleason, too.

"Gentleman's Agreement"

RARELY HAS the never-never land of the films recognized that the barrier to happiness between man and woman might be the difference in the way each thinks about current issues. Just how impressive that theme can be, handled with courage as well as understanding, is proved by "Gentleman's Agreement," based on the best-selling novel by Laura Z. Hobson, and soon to be released in Canada. It's bound to be one of the most discussed movies of 1948.

Through her story of troubled romance between a magazine writer and a schoolteacher, Mrs. Hobson brought a sharp light to bear on anti-Semitism—not as a snarling Hitlerian doctrine but as it showed up among educated people in civilized American communities. The movie script makes its points as strikingly as did the book.

Writer Phil Green poses as Jewish in order to get material for a series of



magazine articles on anti-Semitism. Although herself responsible for the idea, his fiancée, Kathy Lacey, becomes disturbed by Phil's slant. The growing breach between them yawns wide when Kathy upholds the "gentleman's agreement" that prevents her from renting her Connecticut cottage to Phil's friend, Dave Goldman. After some fairly tense scenes, and with Dave's help, Kathy at last realizes how her complacent,



Age No Obstacle Says Successful Student

"Since taking your course, I am making contributions almost weekly. One of the first to be accepted was published in the Michigan Conservation Magazine. Age is not a barrier. If you have the least desire and some initiative, you can learn to write the easy N.I.A. way. NOW is the time to 'cash in' on a writing career." — Mrs. D. T. Owen, R.R. No. 6, 1923 Orchard Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Why Can't You Write

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, travels, local, club and church activities, sports, social matters, gardening, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of cheques for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week, as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16 N.Y., U.S.A.

NOTICE TO CANADIANS
Newspaper Institute's operations in Canada have been approved by the Foreign Exchange Control Board. To facilitate all financial transactions, a special permit has been assigned to their account with The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal.

Free Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., U.S.A.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Chatelaine, Feb. 1.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 77-B-588

Copyright 1948, Newspaper Institute of America

stay - on - the - safe - side attitude encourages bigotry.

The danger in pictures with something to say is that they will talk too much. "Gentleman's Agreement" could have made its point in fewer words. Possibly too, those who read the book will be impatient with Phil's prolonged search for an "angle." But few will fail to be impressed with this film, and with the accurate casting of Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire and John Garfield in the main roles.



Irish Trouble

YOU CAN GENERALLY depend on it: stories set in the Emerald Isle are in fertile dramatic territory. "Captain Boycott" is no exception. The tale of how the surname of an Irish land agent became a synonym for social ostracism makes an absorbing film. Although a rather free rendering of historical events, it sets forth with graphic realism the tempestuous struggle of the eighties between tenant farmers and landowners.

As agent of the Earl of Erne's Mayo estates, Boycott is made to typify the evils of absentee landlordism. He refuses to grant the pinched farmers a reduction in rents, evicts them when they can't pay. On the advice of Parnell, head of the Land League, the people retaliate by refusing to work or have dealings with him. The captain promptly imports workers and calls upon the militia to guard them. To recoup his dwindling fortunes he evicts Hugh Davin and commandeers his steeple-chaser to enter him in the Corran races. But the enraged villagers even up the score and are told by the priest: "If anyone offends against the community, you can ostracize him; you can isolate him, you can boycott him."

Unfortunately this British-made production doesn't use all the opportunities inherent in the situation. The tense romance between Hugh and the daughter of a renegade farmer, the sinister influence of the overseer on Boycott, the split between the hotheads and the forces of reason—all could have been pointed up more effectively. You'll probably feel that the worst mistake was the choice of that very Scottish actor, Alastair Sim, to play the witty Irish priest. But there are compensations—the nimble and rare talents of Neil Purcell as the schoolmaster, the good work of Stewart Granger, Kathleen Ryan, and, all too briefly, Robert Donat, who acts Parnell. +

Clean your bathtub fast this safe, easy way!

Now lift dirt off without scratchy grit—without hard scrubbing—without making your hands rough! It's so easy with Bon Ami!



YOU WORK FAST...

with Bon Ami! Here's why. No scratches to catch and hold dirt—to make you scrub and scrub. Bon Ami simply slides dirt away. Gets fast results without the grit that robs sinks and tubs of their shiny finish. Then rinses clean.



YOU WORK LESS...

with Bon Ami. This cleanser does two jobs at once: 1. Cleans. 2. Polishes. Sinks and tubs take on that bright Bon Ami look that stays bright longer. Bon Ami's so fine and white—hands stay pretty, too. Use Bon Ami today—either Powder or Cake. Clean the safe, easy way!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA



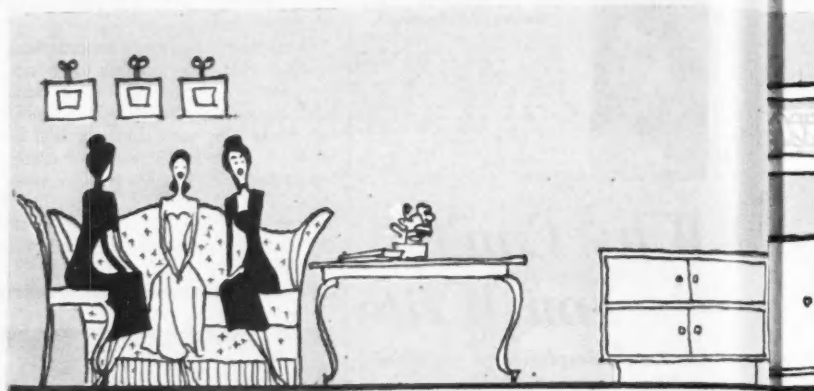
lanolin-
enriched
soothing
faster



You hold him in your hands—
enchanted, lovely hands that
use the beauty-bringing
NEW HINDS! Enriched with
lanolin especially to soften
your hands, Hinds Honey
& Almond Cream makes them
feel smoother, lovelier . . .
instantly! Hinds is richer,
creamier . . . dries quickly . . .
leaves no unpleasant stickiness.

● **NEW LUXURY BOTTLE**

The new Hinds bottle is designed for the
dressing table—it's more feminine, grace-
ful, and decorative. Holds more, too . . .
you get more Hinds for your money.



Ladies: Why Don't You Mix

by JACK MOSHER

YOU'VE been exposed to them—and
so have I. I mean those so-called
social evenings when all the women
congregate at one end of a room
—the men at the other, looking as
though they were lining up for a battle
of the sexes. Only the battle never
happens—that is, not until you're on
your way home and then it's purely a
family affair.

No sir! There's not even the fun
of military manoeuvres. Just the echo
of female chatter—"Such a duck of a
hat!"—"My dear, someone should
TELL her!"—or—"I actually lost four
pounds the first week . . ." while the
men hold each other spellbound with
a ton-by-ton account of how much coal
they burned last year. And so the
ill-fated evening drags to its dreary
conclusion, with many a sneak-peek at
wrist watches.

You've also—unless you're singularly
unlucky—been to the sort of party
which makes you walk with a jauntier
step, hum a little tune whenever you
think about it afterward; when you just
couldn't believe it was time to leave
even though the clock said two a.m.,
when you and the missus did a little
step dance on arriving home, just out of
sheer high spirits. That's the kind of
shindig where you danced a lot—
gathered around a piano and sang a lot
—corny old songs with sentimental
attachments; when you had a heart-to-
heart talk with pretty Mrs. So-and-So
who confided purringly that you were
the only person who'd ever been able
to explain hockey so she understood it.
Ah, my! That was a swell evening all
round—why, oh, why, can't they all be
like that?

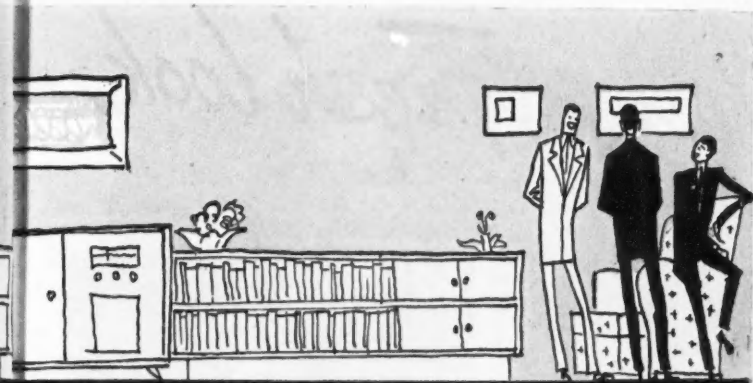
I'D LIKE to find out when and why
this segregation of the sexes at parties
started. It's practically a universal
custom in Canada. Bring, say, four
couples together on a small-town porch
of a summer evening, or in a glittery
city drawing-room at any season, and
almost before you're finished remarking
what lousy weather we're having, the
group has split up like a Quaker meeting
—women at one end, men huddled at

the other, and a lot of vacant space
between. Is it a throwback to decorous
Victorian times when gentlemen were
forbidden to smoke in the parlor and
had to take their cigars elsewhere? Or
does the break-apart habit have its roots
in the painful social experiences of
childhood, such as dancing classes or
kid parties, when teacher or harried
hostess prodded, poked, pushed and
coaxed the first brave little men to cross
the floor and claim their partners?
You'd think we'd grow out of it, just
as we got beyond knee-britches, whoop-
ing cough and measles; but with some
of us the awful shyness that takes over
at parties is a straight fixation. We're
scared to death to mingle in case we
look like the wolf-type. Or perhaps,
in the case of women, they're afraid of
the opinion of their own sex if they show
signs of enjoying a bit of dialogue with
somebody else's husband. It's depress-
ing to muse how many potentially
delightful, witty women have been lost
to social life because they were fright-
ened of being tagged "flighty," or, worse
still, "man-chaser."

Personally, I like my men friends to
pay attention to my wife; her opinion
on politics, if that's what they want to
talk about, is worth listening to; and
it won't bother me a bit if they go on



The average male doesn't want to be
rushed to the den or games room to see his
host's stamp collection or golf trophies.



Your Mixed Parties?

from that to some frivolous banter. Neither will she decide to pack up and go home to mother just because I happen to flush an attractive little minx out of the group and cut a few capers on the dance floor with her. Try to keep the mutual attraction of the sexes out of a party and you'll have a dismal flop on your hands—in spite of pickled onions, shrimp canapés, fancy sandwiches and the best drinks in the world.

WHAT DOES the average adult male, with his libido working on all cylinders, want in the way of a mixed party?

Well, I'll tell you, right off the bat, what he doesn't want!

He doesn't want any part of that strangely unsocial breed who have fallen into the insidious habit of retiring to their respective corners, according to sex, and staying there all evening.

He'll fight shy of the kind of host and hostess who meet you at the front door, all smiles—but then, the minute you've shed your hat and coat he drags you off to the rumpus room to show you his collection of guns or his golf trophies—and you're in for a solid hour of pretending interest while he outlines the 14—or is it 15—ways to stalk a groundhog.

You can't help remembering, as you sit nursing your glass and your temper, that you came prepared to Have Fun. It makes it doubly tiresome to know that upstairs your wife and his are settling the basic principles of child-care, arguing the price of butter and their neighbors' foibles. They aren't really enjoying it, either.

If, at that moment, you have the initiative to get to your feet, say, "Come on, old chap—let's join the girls," and get going before he can pull you back; if you have the courage to break up the female powwow, switch on the radio and give your hostess a few whirls round the room—first thing you know, the old groundhog enthusiast himself will be cutting a rug with your wife—and the party will have been lifted by its ears out of the doldrums and into the category of a pleasant evening.

What the average man—and woman (I hope)—wants in a mixed party is just what the term implies. I'd much rather dance—or pass a few compli-

ments to the lady of the house—or have a light chat with one of her pretty guests, than swap office experiences with her old man. Even if by doing so I occasionally make a fool of myself—as pointed out later in a few brisk paragraphs by my better half. At any rate it contributes some zest to an occasion which might otherwise have been as split as a schizophrenic.



Some women count it questionable behavior when a gal breaks away from their group to have an innocent chat with a male.

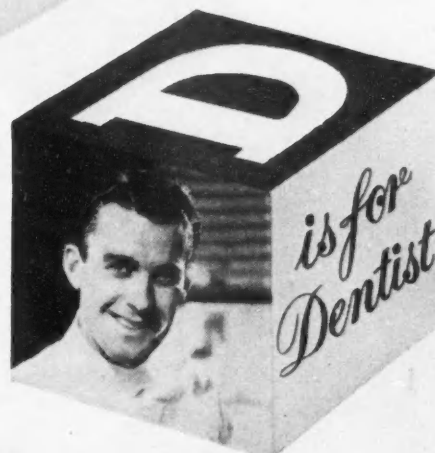
I like stag parties—sure I do! But a few go a long way and I'd settle any day for a good old-fashioned double gender affair if the host and hostess know their stuff. Thinking it over, I'd say it all rests on the social knowingness of the hostess. If she's a clever wife, she can steer her husband away from passionate discussions of groundhog guns or stamp collections; if she's a good hostess who loves a party (and if she doesn't, she shouldn't try to give one) she'll have that special awareness about people who'll not only mix but who like to. She probably has a recipe somewhat along the lines of my private formula for a good party:

"Take equal parts of male and female spirits. Pour into an informal, casual kind of evening. Add a dash of music, singing, dancing or a crazy game. Spice with small talk to suit taste. Mix thoroughly until blended!"



Creamy, wholesome food. But like so many of the foods we eat today: soft food—no chewing to it. No work for lazy gums. Little exercise to help keep gums firm. Yet strong, healthy gums are so important in safeguarding sound teeth, a sparkling smile.

The man to see if your tooth brush "shows pink". Let him decide if it's just a case of sensitive, underworked gums—calling for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage". (7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage, nationwide survey shows.)



The tooth paste specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly—but, with gentle massage, to stimulate gums to healthier firmness. And that's important for a sparkling smile depends so much on sound, healthy gums.

Which your smile should always have. So start now to clean your teeth with Ipana and, each time, gently massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. See how quickly Ipana and massage come to the aid of sounder gums, brighter teeth... a lovelier, more gleaming smile.



Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and massage

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

CATCH EYES...CATCH HEARTS...WITH
that Always-Fresh look

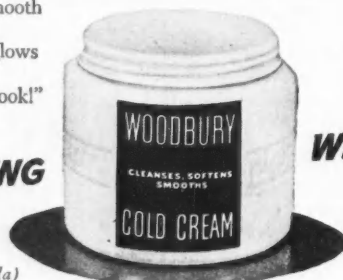


ELLA RAINES
 in Nunnally Johnson's
 "THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET"
 A Universal-International Picture

"Try my beauty-glow cleansing for Woodbury-wonderful skin!" says Ella. "First—smooth massage with Woodbury Cold Cream. See how its *deep-cleansing* oils lift away make-up, grime. Tissue off. Swirl on Woodbury again...its *four special softening ingredients* smooth dryness. Tissue—and spank with cold water. Now, your skin glows clear-clean, silky-soft, with that Woodbury 'Always-Fresh' look!"

TRY ELLA'S BEAUTY-GLOW CLEANSING

(Made in Canada)



WITH WOODBURY COLD CREAM!

Special—for Dry Skin. First, cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. Soften with Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream—rich in lanolin's benefits. Skin looks dewy-fresh, younger.



DAYTIME! Mornings, before studio hours, Ella paints. She's a picture...skin so rosy-awake! "For my wake-up facial, I adore Woodbury Cold Cream. Cleanses deep'n'clean—coaxes fresh beauty-glow!"

Rich, deep-cleansing oils in Woodbury—to cleanse right to pore openings. Skin is clear-clean!



PLAYTIME! Ella "at home". "After a busy film day, my first date is Woodbury! This rich, rich cream smooths dryness. Wonderful Woodbury—not only cleanses, but softens too! Leaves skin petal-smooth."

Four special softening ingredients in Woodbury to smooth dry skin—leave it silky-soft!



BEDTIME! "My Woodbury Beauty Nightcap says 'sleep in beauty' to my skin." Ella first cleanses with Woodbury. Then—"I swirl on *more*...for rich all-night softening...dewy morning freshness!"

Get your Woodbury Cold Cream now. The cream is so fine—the price is so low!



Delphinium in the Garden

by Nancy Laing

Illustrated by Jack Keay

NOTHING THAT had happened that morning could account for the wicked mood he was in. Professor Ames had been pleased with his presentation of the rheumatoid arthritis case, had even bent upon Steve his austere smile as he referred to the probability of "a new member on our staff." Mr. Andrews, surreptitiously smoking a prohibited cigarette, looked a little less blue around the mouth than usual. Mrs. Hood had swallowed her duodenal tube with unwonted meekness. And the tenth day without a letter from Rosemary was scarcely

more significant than the ninth, except that "ten" has a more definite sound than "nine."

Grand rounds had been completed before 11, and the professor had departed, replete with coffee and self-importance. By 12 the follow-up work was done. Steve checked the items in his little black book Burgess' X-rays from the film library. Complete blood work on Koldenski. A request to the Montreal general for MacMillan's case history. That was the lot. Now nothing but Mrs. Hood's gastric analysis, and then he ought to have ♦ Continued on page 34

She looked at him slantwise. "I feel like dancing." Her tone, light as her step, betrayed surprise. "I know you do," he said.

Forecast for Tomorrow

by Lorna Francis



SATURDAY at any time, Nell Harrison considered, was the worst day in the week. You had no time for reflection and you were apt to do silly impulsive things that plagued you all week. And this particular Saturday was monumental.

The Harrison living room was adorned with a carpeting of dirty grey canvas and a long table of planks and saw horses. There were also, to be exact, two pails and a stepladder that leaned against the wall where ordinarily Nell's cabinet of miniature dogs hung.

Already this morning, leaping lightly over footstools, end tables and Dan's pile of engineering magazines that were other times decently hidden behind the chesterfield, Nell had answered the door to two newsboys, an old man with shoelaces and the egg man whose wife had come down with phlebitis, the symptoms of which he related at great length. Mr. Ganz, the decorator, a whisper of a man with mournful eyes and asthma, invaded the kitchen periodically to take his drops. They were, he affirmed, the only thing that kept him going. The threat underlying this statement kept Nell in a state of quivering uncertainty and she worked with one eye on the diminishing contents of the bottle since Mr. Ganz and his minion decorators had suddenly disappeared from the job and in spite of a prolonged telephone campaign on Nell's part had remained missing for two days only to turn up on this Saturday morning.

This mercurial element in decorators, Nell decided, was akin to some quality in her son Jeffrey. Jeff had a peculiar knack of doing the unexpected.

Nell glanced at the clock. At 10.30 Jeff was still in bed. Dan had just lectured her the previous evening on being firm with Jeff and she knew that Dan would heartily disapprove of Jeff sleeping in like this, but somehow there seemed to be less confusion in the house while Jeff slept.

It was unusual for Jeff to be so firmly located. As a rule he spent a harried existence between the demands of the milk bar, the movies, various gymnastic events of vital importance and last, and not least, school.

Nell got out her market basket and climbed over three chairs and a roll of carpet piled in the front hall. From the bottom of the hall

"How," he greeted her in a deep and guttural voice. "It's time you were up," Nell said. "And for goodness sake pick up this room. It's a disgrace."

Illustrated by R. Skemp.

Let us introduce you to the strange case of Jeff Harrison — the guy who
did better with two women in his life. And you'll have a
sympathetic chuckle for Nell, the woman who learned
about men — young men, very young men

closet behind a golf bag, the vacuum cleaner, a set of ski harness and three suits waiting for the cleaners, she retrieved last year's felt hat. She grimaced at herself as she shrugged into her coat in the hall mirror that was hanging at a tipsy angle.

She stumbled over Butch, the sheep dog, who was asleep at the foot of the stairs. "As though there weren't enough in this hall you have to be here too," she exclaimed.

Butch eyed her reproachfully from under his bangs. "Don't look at me like that," Nell muttered. "What do you do to justify your existence anyway?" Ostensibly a watch dog, Butch raised his voice only at the entrance of a member of the family. Now he blinked and thumped his tail. With remorse for her momentary harshness Nell bent and patted his head.

From the foot of the stairs she called, "Jeff, Jeff," and waited resignedly. From below stairs came the clank of pails, the rhythmic stroke and pat of brush on wallpaper; from above came nothing. She climbed the stairs to her son's room; or rather, she amended mentally, to his lair.

Picking her way through moccasins, a pair of dungarees, two sweat shirts, an old steel spring and three dog-eared volumes of Westerns she reached the bed.

THE WHITE hope of the Harrisons was slung over the bed in a disjointed manner, diagonally because the bed wasn't quite long enough. Oversize feet hung dispiritedly over the side with pyjamas reaching halfway down the leg. One corner of a blanket partially covered his body, nude from the waist up where ridges of rib stood out; the rest of the bedding dribbled onto the floor on the far side of the bed. His arms formed

knobby triangles on each side of his head, the hands covering his eyes. The exposed portion of his face showed a faintly downy covering.

He had been, Nell thought, looking down at him, the sweetest baby, but now he seemed sort of—sort of unjelled.

He opened one eye and held up a large flat palm. "How!" he greeted her in a deep and guttural voice.

"It's time you were up," Nell said, "and for goodness sake pick up this room. It's a disgrace, a positive disgrace—"

Jeff promptly closed the eye again.

"Besides," she went on, "I want you to clean the porch floors and after Mr. Ganz is finished I want the basement cleaned."

"Aw heck, Mom—on Saturday morning. Jiggy and me were going to—"

"Jiggy and I," Nell said.

Both eyes were open now. "Jiggy and I were going down to Sloan's record bar. You can hear all the recordings you want there—for free."

"Is that honest?" Nell asked. "When you have no intention of buying records?"

There was something appealing in Jeff's eyes. They were wide and brown and melting. Nell could feel herself weakening. She always felt weak on Saturdays. "Don't," she said, "look at me like that. Under that hair you remind me of Butch."

"But Saturdays, Mom—"

By the time she got out the cleaning utensils and stood over him, Nell thought, it was really easier to do the jobs herself. Aloud she said, "Well, you have to get up anyway. If your father knew that I let you stay in bed like this—"

This was evading an issue, she knew. All the way to the store she felt guilty and that made her a little bit irritable, on top of Mr. Ganz and the upset house and the two newsboys and the man with laces and the egg man. Dan was right about Jeff. She would be firmer with him. He did need to be polished up a bit. His manners were atrocious and he murdered the King's English along with all the weird expressions that he used. The resolution was still strong in her when she saw Leta Graham enter the supermarket.

Nell glanced helplessly down at her loaded basket. She had no time for small talk. She dodged behind soda crackers. As Leta advanced she fled to dairy products and from there to canned soup.

Seeing Leta engrossed in cabbage versus carrots, Nell ventured from hiding, but at that moment Leta raised her head.

"Hey, wait"—Leta flourished a turnip in a peremptory manner—"wait, Nell."

Leta said breathlessly, "I've been going to call you. I'm having a party for Miriam next Friday night and of course we want Jeff."

This, thought Nell, is as good a time as any to start being firm with Jeff. Just what he needs, a little social polish. She said, "He'll be thrilled," over an uneasy gulp in her throat. Having thus sullied her conscience, she added boldly, "He'll simply love it."

"That's grand," said Leta. "We'll look for him then." She added hastily, avoiding Nell's eyes, "Dancing, of course."

"Oh-oh," Nell muttered in her throat. Then she set her jaw firmly. Jeff would go if she had to prod him with a pin all the way there. There was nothing, she realized helplessly, that she could do about making him dance when he got there, but no power on earth would prevent him from making an appearance.

THE PHONE was shrilling when she went in. Jeff, gangling down the stairs, silenced it by extending one long arm, the hand dangling limply from the end. "For whom doth the bell toll?" he intoned conversationally.

"Jeff?" Nell exclaimed, "that's no way to answer the telephone."

"Take it easy, woman," Jeff said over his shoulder. "It's for me."

"But it might have been for me, or your father. Why it might have been—well, anybody." She realized she was practically talking to herself and subsided.

The conversation on the phone had reverted to normal. "Hello, Jiggy," "Yes, Jiggy," "I see, Jiggy," on and on.

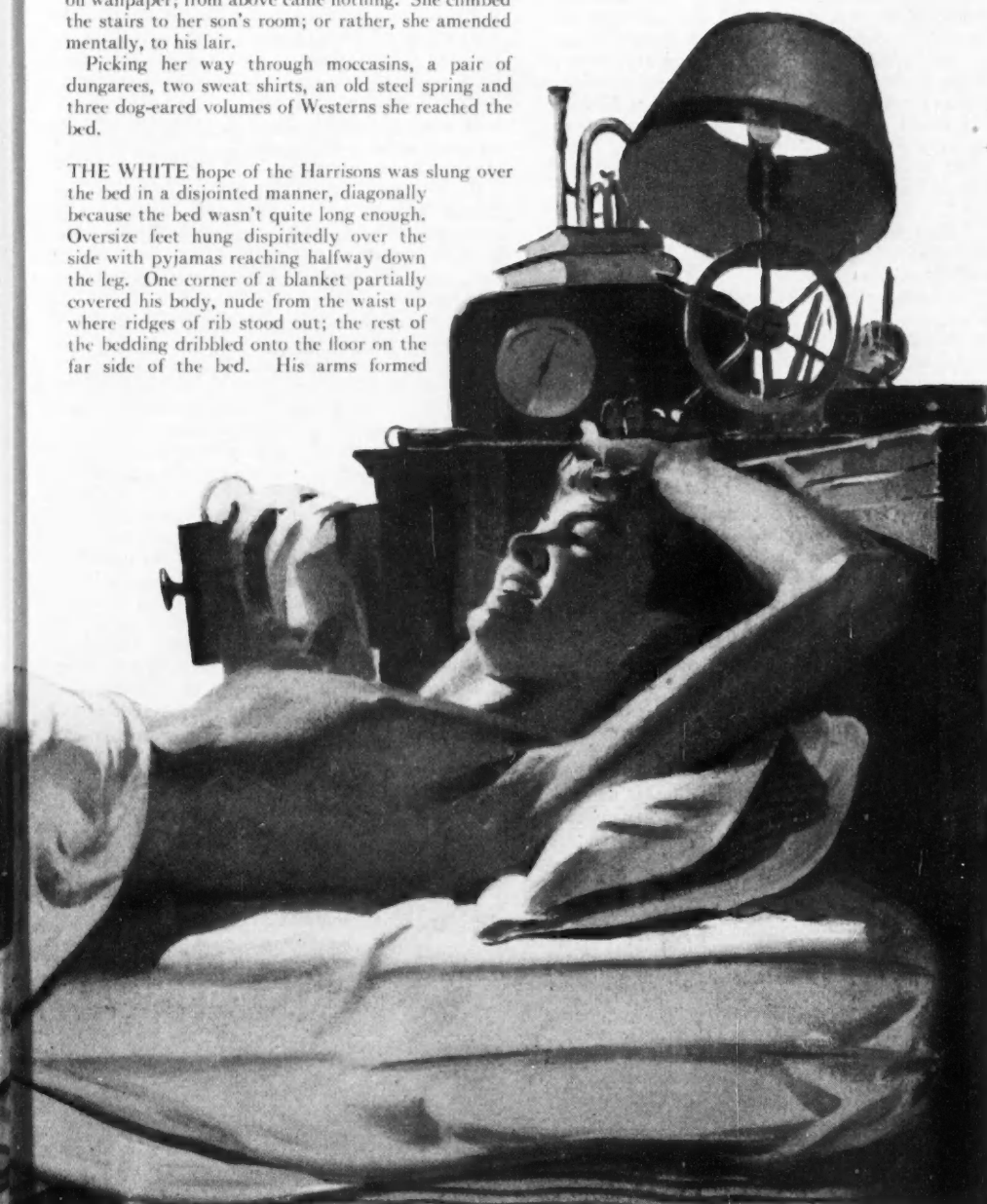
Jeff banged the phone back into the cradle.

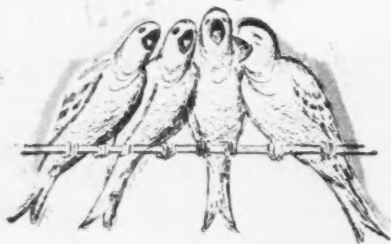
"Flea brain," he uttered bitterly. He stood for a moment scowling.

"That was Jiggy," he said at last.

"So I gathered," Nell said. "There is some difficulty?"

Continued on page 51





Maxy Was No Super-Bird

by Helen Hofmann Pope

AUNT GERTRUDE'S decision that I was to have a musical career brought my happy carefree childhood to an end. With all sails set she bore down on our modest home and approached my mother, who was her sister. "Mary, I thought about you last night when I was reading a very exciting book. You have a rather dull life. You can't be happy."

"But I am, Gertrude," answered mother smilingly. "I have my little house and my family—of course our house is not so big and artistic as yours."

"That's not important," said Gertrude grandly, "the book stated that everybody has to improve his knowledge in order to feel happy and satisfied. Maybe you would like to come with me to my night classes in psychology or astronomy. Or would you be interested in learning the new Chinese alphabet?"

"Thank you," said mother again. "I'm perfectly happy and busy. It's different with you. You have no children."

"Maybe you are interested?" Aunt Gertrude asked my father. She was the reformer type and always on the lookout for people who needed improvement.

"No," answered father firmly.

"Matt enjoys his postgraduate work so much," pleaded Gertrude. "You remember he didn't seem so interested in studying and improving himself when we were married. But he has changed." Everybody knew that Uncle Matt was a good money-maker, but not so brilliant as his wife.

"I should have married a professor," Gertrude said dreamily.

"You worked hard enough to catch Matt," mumbled father, who was not fond of Gertrude.

She paid no attention to him because she had a new idea. She was gazing at me when she said: "As you both don't want to study any more, Eddy will have to do it. He will show you how happy he'll be when he takes up music. He must start piano lessons."

"He's so young," said mother. "Just 10."

"I read in a book that musical education should start earlier," reflected Aunt Gertrude. "He's rather old, at 10, but we could try."

"He's tone deaf," grumbled father. "He can't carry a tune."

"Never mind. This very interesting book stated that you can make a musical genius of every child if you only start in time. Everybody ought to have an education. Eddy, how would you like to master the piano?"

"If you don't mind, Aunt Gertrude, I would prefer to have a bike and to deliver newspapers," I suggested politely. "I would make lots of money and I'd pay

Education was a wonderful thing for everybody, Aunt Gertrude maintained. Look what it did for her, with her psychology classes. Or for Eddy, with his music lessons. Or for Rusty, with his diploma between his four paws. Even a bird could take some schooling — but alas . . .

you back if you only helped me to buy the bike."

She swept the suggestion away. "The mercenary mind of children is depressing," she said with the disgust only people who have much money can on occasion display. "I would think it wonderful to have a nephew who gives concerts and is a good musician. Wouldn't you enjoy having me proud of you, Eddy?"

"I would prefer to have a bike and to deliver newspapers," I said.

"No sense for higher things," stated Gertrude sadly. "This boy ought to be improved. Music will do it."

"I don't mind music as long as there is no noise," added my father, "I could not stand his practice when I come home after work."

"He won't bother you as he will do it on my piano," she suggested cheerfully. "He's my only nephew and I want to do something to make him happy."

"Maybe you could buy me the bike," I said. "I would be happy delivering newspapers. All boys do if they only have a bike."

"There won't be any expense for you either," concluded Gertrude, paying no attention to me, "as I'm going to foot the bills, Mary. One must never stint when it comes to education."

"It's really kind of you, Gertrude," said my mother with the deference owed to a sister possessed of so much more education and so much wealthier a husband too. "I hope Eddy won't disturb you too much."

"Here again I can show you the advantage of learning," boasted Gertrude. "I had my nerves well steeled during my course in Hindu philosophy. I am not afraid to listen to the practice of a beginner. Nothing can bother me since I studied Yoga. I can withdraw completely and not hear what's going on around me, if I just concentrate. Besides I won't be at home when Eddy comes over to practice."

"A good way out," muttered my father darkly. "Much better than Hindu concentration. I presume Matt will be home, but his nerves don't matter so much." Fortunately Gertrude did not hear him. She was already bustling out of the house on the way to higher things.

MY MUSIC lessons began the same week. My aunt never swerved or hesitated on her course once she had set it. While my mother had only married father who was neither wealthy nor brilliant, Gertrude had caught for herself Uncle Matt who was a successful businessman. Now she wanted to catch education and a higher mental standard for herself and for the world around her. She was not satisfied with a nice house and a good husband. Besides other things she wanted a musical genius in her family. As I was her only nephew I had to become this genius.

At first I liked going over to her house. It was so much bigger and more exciting than ours. If only it had been furnished without a piano and without Aunt Gertrude, it would have been the perfect place. Uncle Matt was a kindly quiet fellow. Gertrude was much too brilliant for him, as everybody knew. She had advised him to carry on with his postgraduate work while he kept an eye on me at the piano. She was never at home during these evening hours, as she attended her night classes.

Uncle Matt and I were not lost and forsaken, as Beulah, the cook, was always around. She baked the best pastry in town. While Uncle Matt and I studied hard, she served us wonderful pies and cookies which were supposed to give us the necessary calories to keep us at work.

Of course, Rusty was always around too, and Maxy. Rusty was a friendly mongrel who was tone-deaf and did not mind my music, and Maxy was Aunt Gertrude's canary. Maxy was a rather dull-witted bird who could not sing a note. His whole vocabulary, in fact, was limited to one sound and even this he used sparingly. Only when I was very much off key would he flutter his feathers and say sternly and disapprovingly: "Cheep."

The first weeks of my musical career went by without much excitement. Aunt Gertrude was not satisfied, as I still was no child prodigy. She talked to my teacher and this nice spinster, who was a little afraid of brilliant Gertrude, announced that we were going to work hard on one of Gertrude's favorite pieces in order to surprise her on her birthday. This plan appealed to me and I practiced with zest. Not because I had come to have Gertrude's appreciation for learning, but because my faith in the gratitude of an aunt was still unshaken.

"Maybe she'll give me a bike on her birthday," I thought. As my fingers fumbled over the keys I dreamed of the good times it would give me. I would ride as far away as possible from this plague of piano.

The birthday turned out to be a bitter disappointment. Instead of a bike, I was presented with an enormous cello and a new bespectacled teacher went along with it. "I feel Eddy would like a little variety," said Gertrude. "If he learns two instruments at the same time he won't get stale. I learned about this new theory in child

Continued on page 46

The professor stamped his foot and the whole sleepy-eyed yellow row warbled in harmonious unison. Then he introduced the soloists. It was amazing.

Illustrated by George Englert.



The Girl I'll always



ED McCURDY, the West Coast's singer of folk tunes: "The girl I'll always remember is a girl I've never really met. But I know her well, because I sing about her every week on my radio program of folk ballads. She's the girl that sends men off to battle or to lonely mountain tops to mourn and weep. She lures young men

away from their parents and sends them in search of wealth and adventure. She gives them a kiss and tells them a lie, and sheds a soft maidenly tear as they leave her for another. Or she may sit and wait patiently for her true love's return, faithful and untouched by other hands. She's all womankind in all her many parts, and the inspiration of countless ballads, great deeds and broken hearts! Well do I know her, and never will I forget her, for I'm in love with her, too."



RICHARD DIESPECKER, talented Canadian poet, actor, radio star; veteran of both world wars—now living in Vancouver: "Her name is Sybil. She has wonderfully expressive eyes. You can see the storm signals in them a block away, but they always smile when her mouth smiles. She also has beautiful legs, loves a party and has a hand that

just naturally fits around a glass. But she also has a good, practical Scot's brain in her head. She believes that charity begins at home; that your children's welfare is more important than a good time; that if you can't pay for something you shouldn't buy it, and that if you make a promise you must keep it if it kills you.

"Almost 20 years ago she promised to take me for better or for worse, and that almost DID kill her. But she belongs to the MacKenzie clan and they are hard to kill."



GORDON SINCLAIR, world traveller, journalist, and personality of the air waves: "She kept her head when I lost mine. During our engagement year, 1924, we lived—separately—on Toronto's Centre Island. One June night we abandoned those sleepy lagoons to paddle up the Humber four miles to the west. It was quite romantic until we

started for home. Then, before we realized it, we were in two miles of the roughest Lake Ontario either of us had ever seen—the two breakwater miles past the Canadian National Exhibition. Dark, cold, windy. She couldn't swim. Each third wave entered the canoe and nearly filled it. Frantic bailing would empty it to admit the next wave but it seemed a losing fight.

"Approaching shore was useless because the cement breakwater bounced those waves back with additional force. No one could see us from shore and I cursed, feared, paddled and lost my head. She, the one who couldn't swim, just kept bailing and we got through.

"It's December 21—the shortest day of the year. The daughter, 11 and pretty, trims the Christmas tree and goes to bed. Next morning she is to have a permanent wave; her first. But she doesn't have it. She doesn't feel well. The doctor comes. The outer symptoms say heart but heart conditions seldom arrive at age 11. Another doctor — 'pneumonia.' The only female Sinclair in 56 years is dead in 17 hours from the time she first said she didn't feel well. I go all to pieces; tears, drink, curses, collapse. The mother is the same girl who had stoically bailed the boat. She keeps her head."



JOHN FISHER, popular radio commentator and acute observer of Canadian life: "One very early morning the telephone bell pealed in our hotel room. When I answered I was greeted with these words in a strange, sultry feminine voice: 'I'm going crazy, Mr. Fisher, and only you can help me.' This was enough to arouse me into saying, 'Yes,

why, well . . . eh!' In a whispery voice she explained that she had seen me at a party about a year ago. She correctly recalled the place. Ever since, she explained, she had been in 'an awful dither.' She had forgotten what I looked like—she kept hearing me on the radio. 'But, I think I'm putting the wrong face on the right voice . . . it haunts me and I keep trying to associate the two . . . and I feel that if I don't get it straightened out I will go crazy . . . it's a kind of fixation, Mr. Fisher.' She spoke well and very softly and with that sultry quality. She asked me if I would help her out. 'I know how busy you are, but if you'll merely come to my door—for one second—then I can form a picture of you.'

"My travelling friend—a well-known Canadian writer—was interested too. He likes psychology. We discussed fixations and schizophrenic types. We presented ourselves at the given address a good 20 minutes earlier than arranged. When the door opened there stood a formidable figure. I would gauge her tonnage at more than 250 pounds. This enormous bulk was encased in a hideous pink concoction, which bore more resemblance to a circus tent than a

In every man's life there's always a woman he can't forget.

Adele White, Chatelaine's Beauty Editor, coaxed 10 well-known

Canadian males to contribute these true confessions—some serious, some romantic and some that trip lightly over tongue-in-cheek!

Remember



housecoat. Her head was covered with a multitude of metal curlers, below which glistened a frightening physiognomy heavily lathered with cold cream. She looked at us, then launched a titanic tirade. It was the sultry one all right. I recognized her voice instantly. After an abusive lecture on all door-to-door peddlers and salesmen, she ended with: 'Can't a girl have any peace?' We didn't stop to answer. We weren't interested in psychology now. The cold Montreal air felt mighty good. That's a girl I'll always remember!"



LAWRENCE SPERBER, one of Canada's foremost dress designers: "I never met her (formally) but I'll never forget her. In the early days of my designing studies in New York, we were instructed to watch the passing parade and select a dress which caught our eye—study it and then dash back to the studio and sketch it in detail. At the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street I saw my prey. A very smart dress came along, very nicely filled too! I didn't want to miss any detail so I followed her. Block after block I trailed her. She must have felt my stare for at 42nd Street she suddenly stopped, turned around and gave me a resounding slap on the face! I was dumfounded for a split second—sufficient time for her to disappear into the crowd. I've never seen her again, but I'd certainly love to—love to have the chance to tell her it was only the dress I was interested in—honest!"



MART KENNEY, popular radio personality and leader of one of Canada's best-known name bands: "The girl of my dreams just reaches to five-feet-four; she has dark hair and a warm and friendly smile; charming to meet but never gushes. She has a keen sense of humor, is fond of children and is very adaptable to new people and places, and varying hours and conditions—which is most important to me. I like her best when she wears blue. Thank goodness she goes in for small hats!"



LOUIS MUHLSTOCK came to this country as a child from Galicia, Poland. He is one of the few Canadian painters to work exclusively in the field of fine art. "The girl I'll always remember is one I've never had the good fortune to meet in person. She, herself, had never known how much she meant to me. How much richer should

I be to have seen her at least once and to have visited in her humble home; to have been able to gaze upon her face and into those eyes that were so full of quiet dignity, so full of warmth and love for humanity, so full of compassion and infinite pity for human destiny. She was against war and fascism. She fought for human dignity and against all those forces that degrade man and enslave. She fought for freedom, for peace, for bread. She was with the insulted and the injured. All her life she struggled, not without suffering but also not in silence. Her cry was heard throughout the world against tyranny, against oppression, against hunger! Her art became a torch that will burn into men's minds and hearts... Who better than the great Romain Rolland understood her when he described her as the 'greatest poem of her age.' This woman, with her great heart, took the people into her mothering arms with sombre and tender pity. She was the voice of the silence of the sacrificed. She, who lived through the tragic loss of her young son in the first war, was not spared the tragedy of the second world war. She continued her struggle against the darkness in Germany until her last days. Today she is no longer alive. But in her art she will live forever. It is a woman like Kathie Kollwitz who can reconcile men like me to belong to the human race."



BRIAN DOHERTY, Canadian playwright and theatrical producer, formerly a squadron leader in the RCAF: "I shall never forget Lisa Bracque. To me she will always epitomize not only the fascinating and cultivated European woman, but, in some strange way, Europe itself—the charm, the culture, the cynicism, the courage of Europe.

"She lives in a handsome, beautifully furnished, modern villa in the Forest of Chantilly, outside Paris. During the war her villa was requisitioned first by the Nazis and later by the Americans. Throughout the entire war this remarkable and courageous little woman remained a voluntary prisoner in her own beautiful home, living quietly with one servant in a suite of rooms on the second floor, guarding the place fiercely. I was billeted there for three months prior to VE-Day, with an extraordinary collection of French, Polish, Chinese, Czech, American and other Allied officers attached to the United States 9th Air Force.

"Although she was rarely seen, the spirit of Madame Bracque dominated the whole house. She seemed to know, despite her isolation, everything that went on. The first time I met her she amazed me by saying: 'You are the new Canadian—the one who doesn't like the Polish officers.' It was an eerie experience because, although it was true that I found the Wagnerian conduct of the Polish officers rather irritating, I had been most careful to keep my feelings to myself. She was unpopular with the Americans, who were suspicious of her, and the American colonel in charge of the billet habitually referred to her as 'that old black so-and-so.'

"I was most intrigued with this mysterious creature and we became good friends during those few months, and I managed to piece together at least part of her story.

"She was a slight wiry woman of about 40, very dark, exquisitely dressed, with large, sad, black eyes, and hands that were thin and most expressive. Her voice was low and musical and she spoke English and German almost as fluently as she spoke French. Her father was an Armenian ♦ Continued on page 66

LITTLE



Here's the Pilgrim collar. And my hat brim turns back to match. In blue wool crepe, princess style, silver-buttoned. Perfect for tiny blondes.



My beige covert cloth is the coachman coat, its lapels dark brown velvet. Brown buttons too! The epaulets go right round to meet panels in the back.

We're real Gibson Girls... in white, rayon blouses, tied with blue and white checked bows. Our skirts, navy wool crepe, are flared, snugged in with elastic at the back (hidden under nice wide tie sashes).

What do little girls like? Well . . . balloons and rocking-horses . . . and perfume and nail polish! Best of all they love these spring outfits that have plenty of the new look Mommy's been talking about lately



WOMEN

by Evelyn Kelly

Fashion Editor

Garments and accessories from
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

WHERE'S that old family album—the one with the quaint pictures of great-grandmama when she was a little girl?

Perhaps those yellowing daguerreotypes do look a little odd now. Mostly because youngsters in those days were bundled into such very long skirts.

But . . . study closely for a moment . . . don't you agree that small girls of yesterday were prettified in a completely feminine way? Their bodices were smoothed almost to snugness, their waistlines shaped in primly.

In those days mothers favored smooth fine woollen fabrics fancied up with velvet trims, buttons, bows, tiny cape collars, bonnet-hats.

From head to toe great-grandmama and her contemporaries were dressed to look like little women.

Let's see what today's little women will be wearing, come warm spring weather.

Isn't there a familiar look to them, something reminding you of that old family album? Buttons and bows . . . little halo bonnet-hats . . . shirtwaists and ties, velvet lapels—we've seen them before!

The numbers we show you here are just about the biggest news in the Canadian fashion picture. For the designers went straight back into the romantic decades, picking out old-fashioned features, adapting and turning them out in the modern manner, spring '48. And they've given thought to the mothers who'll be in charge not only of the buying but the upkeep.

For mother chooses with her mind full of business, eyes searching for good color. She just can't resist delicate baby pastels for very little tots.

But time marches on, and into the small-

fry world there enters: ice cream and licorice . . . puppy dogs' paws . . . lipstick and crayon . . . even ink! All those wonderful aids to moppets' delight make a wreck of Mother.

So Mother's looking for darker colors (but bright ones and pretty), sturdy fabrics . . . clothes smart and attractive as her money will buy.

Here's why we think togs like these are hard to beat: the fabrics are among the season's best: firmly woven wool crepes . . . English checked woollens . . . finetwilled covert cloth, smooth as broadcloth.

Seams are generous, hems deep, to allow for leaps-and-bounds growing.

All these coats are specially cut to flare out and over those slow-to-disappear baby tummies. No drawing or pulling at wrong spots.

And the fashion angles? There are the pilgrim collars (just like the grownups'), wide, shoulder-round, and so appealing on small figures.

Brand new for the juvenile set, neat, dashing, are the coachman coats authentic in each detail. Little epaulets (they look like pockets) extend right round to the back. And the back is just like the style worn by stage coachmen years back: three panels set off by a nice rounded yoke.

Then there are the choir-boy coats, tied at the chin with big fluffy bows.

The matching hats stay put! They're designed for good visibility too. Away with huge bonnet brims that develop rakish angles—or hide fascinating things around the next corner from bright, curious eyes!



I'm a gold-and-brown girl . . . brown eyes, golden hair. So my choirboy coat is in gold covert cloth, its buttons and tie in rich pretty brown. Naturally my halo hat matches the coat.



This spring, I'm really grown up. My hood (rose crepe like my coat) is lined in soft brown rayon, same as my choirboy tie. And the full, flaring coat back is simply super.



Gibson Girl checks for me! Like this brown and white houndstooth with self covered buttons and brown collar tabs. Love my hat . . . it stays put when Mommy ties it on and it doesn't hide my face!

It's not too soon to be thinking of the Easter parade . . . and those sunny April mornings when little women will be searching for the first gay, fat robin.

Would You Be

Hired

GOT YOUR heart set on an office of your own, a gleaming black noiseless, and a buzzer that operates, strictly person-to-person, from the president's desk? In your dream world, instead of (or as well as) the usual tall-dark-and-handsome, do you conjure up a portly, balding and big-business type? The one who sighs gratefully to his friends and associates "Of course, we couldn't run the office without our little Miss Nimblewit. She really has the whole setup at her finger tips; and the company, as well as I, personally, would be absolutely *sunk* without her."

Yep. That's the ticket. The invaluable private secretary. Crisp as a cracker box in expensively simple white blouses and impeccably tailored dark suits. Hair brushed back to a gleaming smoothness. An air of cool and restful efficiency that runs the Chief's business (and maybe the Chief) on oiled rollers.

It's a lovely dream—and one that can come true. It will, for possibly one of every 5,000 of the 75,000 girls who left Canadian commercial and business schools to hunt for a first job last year.

For the distance from beginners' row to the desk at the rim of the president's broadloom, though it may seem only half a dozen steps, is one of those time-space areas Mr. Einstein writes about. It covers earnest years of good hard slugging, with so many difficult hurdles that the majority of starters never even get into the running for the last lap.

"It isn't just a question of training, although that's the first stepping stone," said the employment head of a big organization—a woman who has hired and fired a legion of business girls, and watched the few make the top. "The girl who wants a job with a future, in a good organization, needs native intelligence and basic education. Then come the tools of her trade—a sound grasp of shorthand, typing and business practice. Now she is ready for the second phase of training. The one that starts the day she starts her job. It may mean working to pull herself out of a long row of indistinguishable typewriter pounders; serving time (practically anonymously) at the dictation transcribing machine, the filing cabinet, stamp meters, adding machine, duplicators or whatever other equipment she cuts her office teeth on. These jobs will rub that fine fresh bloom of inexperience off her pretty shoulders, and bring her to a point where she can look around for the Main Chance."

The employment expert shrugged ever so slightly. "From here in, it's a matter of keeping eyes and ears open for the fundamentals of her firm's way of doing business. Personality, judgment and—let's admit it—a sizeable measure of luck. Right now, with experienced stenographers so hard to get, she can forget the luck angle. But the peak is past, and standards are rising."

The big business tycoon, a man whose organization employs a number of women in important commercial posts, had something to add. "Of course, a girl must want to reach for the top apples on the tree, and not just be putting in a few years any-which-way while she waits to get married. There are a lot more outlets in the business world today than when mother was a white collar girl. Now there are office managers, accountants, treasurers, executives of one sort and another, and even directors and board members in skirts, who all started as junior stenographers. And a number of business women have progressed far enough in their own enterprises as public stenographers, operators of special business machines or as court reporters, directors of mailing and telephone services,

and a dozen related fields, to have sizeable income tax headaches."

He paused a moment until his own secretary, who had come in with a message, was out of earshot. "I'm not convinced that the job of private, or personal, secretary is necessarily the best long-run bet for a bright girl, either," he said, almost in a whisper. "She can stay too long with one executive and get too accustomed to his whims and his business pattern—and lose the broader scope and initiative that might take her into bigger and more responsible fields herself."

"But don't quote me. We couldn't run the office without our little Miss Jones here..."

Uh-huh. Well, you can settle that when it catches up with you. Meanwhile, let's get down to earth and back to your present problem. You're at that I-think-I-might stage of planning about your future, weighing the pros and cons of a business career. Or already launched on your Monday-through-Friday labors in a commercial course. Come with me (as they say in the travelogues) through some of Canada's biggest employment agencies, commercial schools and personnel departments; meet job placement directors and industrial psychologists who study the whole field of work and help the right people get into the right jobs. Let's see why a quarter of the pay cheque women of this country are in business offices; and, especially, let's find out if that's *your* best bet for tomorrow's success, happiness and general adjustment to living.

Should you take a business course? Are you the right type for stenographic and secretarial work? To hear businessmen talk you'd almost decide that your first qualification should be: ability to spell! Then they all say earnestly, "We want girls who make a religion of neatness." Neatness of work, ability to keep order, to do a good job with all the ends tied up. When it was discovered during the war that by far the majority of girls in the services planned to go into business offices afterward, the Department of Veterans' Affairs drew up this chart of suggested attributes for the prospective office worker: neatness, a courteous manner and quiet voice, patience, initiative, nervous stability, good general health, eyesight and hearing, ability to co-operate with others, and a good vocabulary.

When it comes to your actual education, and when the personnel directors talk firmly about senior matriculation plus a year at a good business school, or graduation from a four-year commercial high school course, you may be ready with a dozen "buts." "But" you know a girl who got a dandy job after six months in a business school... "but" Joanne left commercial course at the end of two years and she's never had any trouble. Every time she goes to the employment office she's shot out to a job just like that—no trouble at all. Why waste so much time once you've learned to type and take shorthand? You can pick the rest up as you go along... and jobs are easy to get...

You're absolutely right when you say that a lot of girls are leaving business college and commercial school before they graduate, to take waiting jobs. In reporting enrolment to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics last year, practically every business school in the country said that the majority of its students were leaving before graduation. So maybe you think you're the prize dope to spend all that extra time and money studying when you could be earning. But if you're the smart girl we ♦ Continued on page 58



or Fired?

The experienced stenographer or secretary can still pick and choose her job in Canadian offices. But what's for tomorrow — and how does the changing employment picture affect the beginner? Chatelaine-on-the-Job quizzes Big Business and discovers some significant new angles.

by Lotta Dempsey

RAL
GER



CRAZY? No, just looking ahead. Sure, employers are still queuing up in the line that forms to the right, looking for good office help. Take that recent Department of Labor report—"2,780 stenographers urgently needed." Funny, though. Same time, 2,200 unplaced applicants were looking for jobs. And since that day the second group has been growing—with many additions from inexperienced workers. Could be the grim old reaper who weeds out inefficiency in offices as elsewhere, when there are more people to be had, will be on the prowl before long. Would you like a little impersonal data on why girls are fired, in your kind of work? Figures taken from thousands of case histories gathered across the country? Here are some significant items you'll be wise to tuck away, against a greyer day—or maybe even give a little thought to now.

Carelessness. Biggest percentage of people lose marks (and positions) for slovenly work, lack of interest in doing job well. Most serious deterrent to promotion is lack of initiative and ambition.

Nonco-operation. You can add up a lot of points in this bracket, too. One employer calls it "lack of a sense of integrity about work—and interest in carrying one's weight as part of an office team."

Incompetence. This one takes in lack of training (and application) in shorthand, typewriting and other skills you should have attained before you started to work; also general educational lacks—spelling, English, penmanship, ability to express ideas coherently.

Appearance. This doesn't mean the New Look. It's just that old quietly tidy and tailored appearance for office wear. Maybe you don't make enough money for the smart clothes the senior secretaries wear, but you can be properly bathed, pressed and hair-done. And you can do most of it *outside of office hours*.

"My staff expects me to shave and shine my shoes and comb my hair before I come down to the office every day," one important employer said. "Haven't I the right to expect them to complete their basic appearance routine before arriving at their desks, too?"

Another admitted that he fired a girl because she was such a curl-twirler—the type who uses her fingers by day instead of hairpins at night to get the proper twists and turns in her coiffure.

Unpleasant personality. This covers a lot of territory. For routine work, it may not be so important. But in the reach for bigger jobs, and when the time comes to decide how valuable you are, experts admit it rates a good 40% of the summing up. Voice and good old-fashioned manners count a lot. If your voice is negative or harsh, get help from a voice teacher. Carry your "please" and "thank you" instincts into every phase of your work. Don't be negative or indefinite, especially on the telephone. When some change of plan is necessary through pressure of business, take it chin up; don't be sullen.

One personnel director told me her smartest girls were studying psychology—some of them out of books from the library, others at night classes. "You can achieve a planned personality, if you haven't been naturally endowed," she smiled.

Unnecessary absence. One employment executive says mother is often as much to blame as daughter here. Time and again the lady calls to say that little Nellie won't be in, and the trained ear of the executive detects an off-key ring to the sincerity of the voice. Taking time off (except for emergencies or illness) breaks office rhythm, and throws work on more reliable shoulders—the ones that will be retained if there's a cut in staff.

Dallying on the job. "I've still to see my first big deal made in the coffee shop downstairs," an executive told his refreshment-sipping sales staff one morning. How much time do you spend (that belongs to the company) over the drugstore counter, in the washroom, lounging in the corridor? Just a thought.

Trouble-making. Not you, of course. But many an employer has his eye on the girl who, however efficient, gossips and sneers her way into the bad graces of her fellow-workers, and consequently upsets office equilibrium.

Lack of loyalty. Odd, but true. There may be some wisdom in the old adage, "If you know of a better 'ole, go to it." But don't spread bad will for your organization. Also, little Miss Big-Shot who is full of information about confidential matters is usually kept where she can't do any harm, or sent permanently out of harm's way.

There's another kind of loyalty, too. One valued private secretary to an important Government man in Ottawa got the job because she was the only girl in a roomful of junior workers who offered to stay late on a rush job when the boss asked for volunteers.

"And I had just as big a date as any of them," she confided, "but I knew it was vital that the work be done. Besides, I thought the chance to be singled out was too big to miss."

Emotional immaturity. You can put almost all the rest of the black-list items under this head. Letting overtones of personal problems affect your work—and industrial psychologists say it's a big danger, especially for the feminine segment of the office staff. Arguments with the family, fights with the boy friend, etc., are easily translated into office inefficiency, if you don't watch out. Carrying childish attitudes into the highly organized world of business; not having learned enough self-discipline (especially if you were a spoiled child) to stand up to the big job of being an adult in a busy grown-up world.

Maybe if you can cope with this one, you can handle all the others. In any event, this sort of know-how is important enough to keep you on the permanent-staff list through any business weather, foul or fair. ♦

How The Institute

by Marie Holmes

Director Chatelaine Institute

IN COLD weather, appetites seem to work overtime and nothing hits the spot like a luscious pork dinner. There's plenty of variety to choose from, too, and whether you decide on roast loin, browned chops, stuffed spareribs or crispy sausage, it's good to the last morsel.

Time was when "pork and applesauce" were traditionally inseparable. But while the two are still friendly they don't go around together steady any more. In fact, food gossip has it that this pork and apple idea got its start by accident. Probably apples were the only fruit that some of the old-timers had

to serve with their fresh pork in wintertime. Now it's well known that any tart fruit makes an acceptable accompaniment to pork. Fried pineapple, broiled peaches, glazed cranberries, even spiced prunes are all good neighbors with pork.

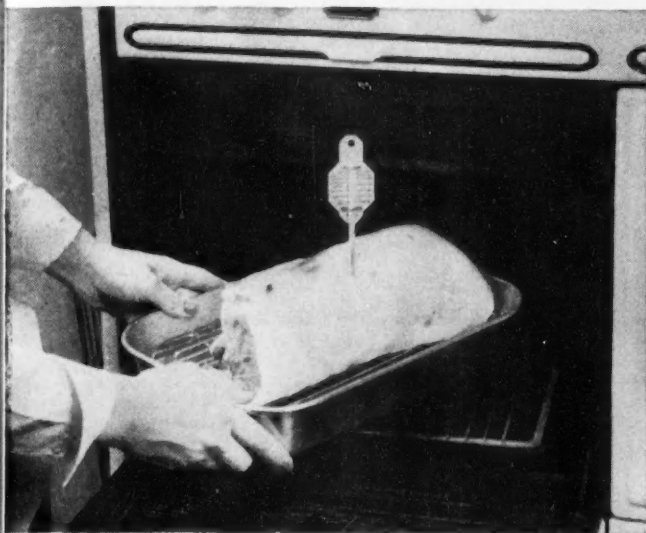
Thorough cooking's the rule. But there's one tradition about pork that doesn't change and it's backed up by scientific reason. All pork should be thoroughly cooked. The thorough cooking kills a parasite known as trichina which is occasionally found in pork. The easiest way to tell when pork has reached the well-done stage is to see whether all the pink color has disappeared, the meat itself is whitish tan in color and the meat juice is clear. By cooking pork thoroughly you get maximum flavor in both meat and fat, too.

The roasting process. When cooking a roast of pork you can use the good old rule: "allow 30 to 35 minutes to the pound in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F." Any shallow pan will do for the roast—just so it's big enough to hold the meat. No cover is needed, but an open-meshed wire rack to hold the meat up from the bottom of the pan and out of the drippings is desirable. First wipe the meat with a damp cloth, rub it with one half teaspoonful of salt to every pound, sprinkle it with pepper, then place it on the rack fat side up, and pop it into the preheated oven.

A meat thermometer is your one sure way to tell exactly when the roast is done. In using a meat thermometer get the bulb of the thermometer into the very centre of the thickest part of the meat. If you make a hole with a skewer the thermometer can be inserted without much damage to the meat and with



Cooks Pork



Low even temperature prevents shrinkage and meat thermometer tells you when it's done. Let roast cook thoroughly to internal temperature of 185 degrees F. Or allow 30 minutes to the pound for loin. Opposite page: The finished product, which has held its shape, is evenly cooked, well done and juicy and flavorful!



a minimum amount of pressure on your part. Your pork roast will be done when the thermometer registers 185 degrees F.

Whether you gauge the cooking by minutes to the pound or the 185-degree mark on the thermometer, pay close attention to the same rules: *Open roasting pan! Fat side up! No cover! No water! Oven at 350 degrees F.* If you do, your roast will be thoroughly and evenly cooked, juicy and tender. And you will find that the slow steady cooking causes less shrinkage than a hot oven.

When you cook pork chops. If you prefer your pork as chops with plenty of rich brownness on both sides, that's a slightly different story. But you still follow the general rules: Cook thoroughly and cook slowly!

Applying these rules, you never broil pork chops. Broiling makes the meat hard and dry on the outside before it is cooked to "well-done" on the inside. Therefore, we in the Institute recommend braising for any form of pork chops, such as loin or rib chops, cutlets and steaks from fresh hams or shoulders.

Start with a hot frying pan. Place chops or steaks in pan and brown well on both sides for 10 to 15 minutes. For cuts like loin chops with their own fat, no extra fat is needed in the pan. If fat is + *Continued on page 50*



Braised Stuffed Pork Chops

4 Pork loin chops, 1 to 2 inches thick

Dressing

3 Cupfuls soft bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of sage
 1 Small onion, finely chopped
 Milk or tomato juice

Coating

$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 Dash of pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of dry bread crumbs
 1 Egg, slightly beaten
 2 Tablespoonfuls of water
 2 Tablespoonfuls of lard or drippings
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of water or tomato juice

HAVE CHOPS SPLIT on bone side to form pocket for the stuffing. Combine soft bread crumbs, seasonings and onion. Add a few drops of milk or tomato juice to moisten mixture sufficiently to hold together. Pack into pockets in chops. Fasten together with toothpicks or small skewers if necessary. Add salt and pepper to dry bread crumbs. Beat egg and add water. Coat chops with seasoned bread crumbs, dip in egg, then in bread crumbs. Heat lard or drippings in heavy frying pan, then brown chops on both sides. Add water or tomato juice. Cover tightly and cook over very low heat for 40 to 50 minutes, depending on thickness of chops. Or arrange in bake dish, add liquid, cover and bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees F. Serve with fried apple rings, pineapple slices or pickled peaches. Yield: four servings.



**A woman must be needed. That was why she had found
contentment with David . . . why Charles would be
the proper partner for the future . . . and why Emery,
so charming, so egotistical, so complete in himself,
would give her memory no peace**

My Love Must Be a Mantle

By Dick and Barbara Jones

AMY HILTON stood before the picture on the easel, a look of surprise on her face. Something was wrong, frightfully wrong, with it.

In a kind of despair, she picked up her brush and began to daub it into the blue-green she had mixed on the palette; then, petulantly, she threw down the brush and moved to the window, where she looked unseeing at the winter-locked garden, austere in its thin coat of snow.

Just yesterday everything had seemed to be going so well with the picture. Now this morning . . . she couldn't understand what had happened to it.

The picture was to have been a present to Charles on their wedding day. Into his portrait she had tried to put all the things she felt about him, secure in the knowledge that he would understand. She had wanted to tell him that she admired his quiet dignity, his unassuming simplicity; and during the weeks she had worked on the picture she had painted in each detail lovingly, building a picture of a man through the set of his blue eyes, hollowed deeply into his cheekbones, the gentle chin, the closely cropped blond hair, which gave his head a deceptively naive look. Even his badly pressed clothes, the caressing way he held his pipe. All of it, every part of the Charles she knew, she had put into the picture.

Only now it was spoiled in an elusive way she could not put her finger on. Impatiently she moved back to the easel, where she stood, biting absent-mindedly on a thumb nail, looking at the face which stared back at her. It was the essence of the picture that was gone, that was it. Here was no quiet scholarly look, no gentle dignity. Instead the face had developed a leer; against the blue-green draperies she had painted into the background, it glared back at her pugnaciously. This man looked like a buccaneer, an unbeliever, a pirate, a . . . dear heaven! he looked like Emery!

She grabbed for her brush, dipped it into black and began to paint feverishly over the canvas, weaving the broad lines back and forth over the surface, blotting out the face that seemed to grin mockingly at her. Then, still trembling, she walked to the mantelpiece, where she spread her hands on the white marble, then leaned her face into the cradle of her outstretched arms.

It was some trick of her subconscious, some devilish trick of the mind. She had laid Emery's ghost many years ago; it was unfair of him to pop up again like this, now that she was mature, a woman who had learned to compromise with her life and to appreciate the inconspicuous virtues of that compromise. One of her fists clenched, and she beat it helplessly against the cold marble.

Gradually her trembling stopped, and she lifted her head to stare at her reflection in the mirror above the mantel. "What's happened to you?" she silently

Behind her she heard the raucous, two-noted whistle of the college frosh who sees a pretty girl.

Illustrated by Bill Timmins.

asked the face in the mirror; it looked back at her, white-skinned, dark-eyed, smooth, a pallid mask rather than a reflection of what she had been feeling.

She tried mentally to substitute the face of nine years ago, the one Emery had known. She could see it, without the deepening lines from nose to mouth, cheeks and forehead encircled with a fringe of black curls. They had all worn their hair that way when she was in college, a kind of planned disorder, she thought, the symbol of their emotional confusion. She smoothed back the hair which now swept from her forehead in two precise wings. It reflected her present life, a controlled, ordered life. The way she wanted it to be, she assured herself.

The phone intruded on her thoughts, its tinkle shrill, demanding, and she walked to it calmly, fortified by the knowledge that it would almost surely be Charles, Charles who never upset her, who understood her. She picked up the phone. "Hello."

"THE VOICE on the phone was quick, the syllables neatly enunciated but slightly blurred by a bad connection. She knew that he was phoning from his office because of his slightly formal air. "I phoned to be sure you're coming to Convocation."

She hesitated. She did not really want to go; yesterday afternoon when Charles had stopped by after his classes to tell her about today's lecture she had been intentionally evasive.

"Good speaker," Charles had said. "Emery Wales. The foreign correspondent. A little belligerent for my tastes. But astute on international questions, very astute."

There had been no way for Charles, his long figure sprawling comfortably in the easy chair, which had imperceptibly become his in the past few months, to know that she had heard little but Emery's name. So Emery was coming back as casually as he had gone. Like stepping in and out of a room.

"He's a Carson man," Charles had said it as if this clinched the matter of her coming, and she had wondered at his fierce pride in the college. After all, he had come here as dean only two years ago . . . after David's death . . . she shied from the thought as she always did.

"He didn't graduate," she had said. "I knew him a little. We were classmates, all three of us, David and Emery and I."

But Charles wasn't listening. "Who knows?" he interrupted her. "He might help us out—Carson I mean—financially." So that was it, she had thought. The endowment. Always the endowment.

She had murmured something, feeling a mild distaste for this premeditated money-grubbing, and they had gone on to talk of other things.

Now she held the telephone, wanting to say no to Charles' second invitation, but finding her excuses inadequate. She didn't want to see Emery again, but she did not know how to explain why. "Oh, I don't know, Charles . . ."

Charles' voice lowered. "I like to see you sitting in the audience when I have an introduction to make. It gives me confidence."

How like David that sounded; she felt suddenly

reassured. If he needed her . . . "Of course, Charles. I'd like to come."

She put down the telephone, memories of the past nine years flowing through her unchecked. Her marriage to David . . . the uneventful years. Her painting . . . David's work at the college . . . the books overflowing the living-room shelves . . . flowers on the coffee table . . . afternoon teas with the faculty wives. Then the day David had been offered the deanship and their feeling of triumph because he had still been so young. Most of all, the interlocking companionship of their marriage, his dependence on her . . . so that his death had stripped her of part of herself. Yes, her marriage to David had been good, in a way that Emery, who had never been dependent on anyone, would never understand . . . so that he had been wrong about her marriage even when he had been right about the dullness, the necessary small hypocrisies of being a dean's wife, the unavoidable pettiness. Emery again. She did not want to think of him, but only of David . . . and of Charles, who had mysteriously taken over David's place. Or if not quite his place, then his function, absorbing her loneliness, filling her with a reason for existence. Two years ago, when she had first been introduced to David's successor, she would not have thought this possible. But gradually she had become accustomed to Charles, accustomed to the differences in him, so that they had at last become less important than the likenesses. When she had finally decided to marry him, it was because she had known what marriage with Charles would be like. She had known that it would be like marriage with David, the continuous flowing of the same even current . . .

Inexplicably, she found herself defending her kind of marriage to the shadowy ghost of Emery. "It is easy to compromise with evasions and hypocrisies," she told him, "when you find something else, a value that is more important. With David I found the security of being needed. I was important to him as I would never have been important to you. He needed me. Me. Not just a wife. Everything he did, he did with me . . . through me. I was his shelter, his retreat, a cloak in which to bury both his triumphs and his defeats, the mantle of his love . . ."

Emery's face faded from her. Her artist's mind had fastened on her thought and was translating it to an imaginary canvas. In the centre she would place the figure of a woman, a woman whose face would be featureless because she would be all women. Swinging from one shoulder, falling in a swirl around her feet, would be a cloak, a black mantle, shadowy with the soft texture of velvet. And reaching toward the hem of the cloak would be the disembodied hand of a man, the fingers groping for the cloth. She could see the hand clearly, broad, strong, the fingers spatulate, a triangular scar creasing the outer edge, white against the brown skin . . .

She was surprised to find herself still standing beside the telephone stand. She gave her watch a quick glance. It was late, and Charles had once explained to her how important it was for her to be on time at college functions. How Emery would have roared at this, pointing out in his caustic way that there were virtues and virtues. But, ♦ *Continued on next page*

mentally, she defended Charles. The attitude was a right one; maturity did demand a certain kind of discipline.

As she passed the black-smeared canvas on the easel she felt a certain regret. Now that she had successfully rationalized her pattern of life to herself, the subtle suggestion of Emery in the picture no longer seemed too important. It could have happened to anyone, she told herself. She had known about Emery's lecture. It was small wonder that the thought of him had lingered somewhere in her subconscious. Some day, after she and Charles were married, she would tell him about the picture, and they would laugh about it together.

She had flung herself breathlessly into her old royal-blue suit and her even older camel's-hair coat and had hurried, almost running, down the frozen walks to the campus. Now, as she neared the Auditorium, she realized that she was in plenty of time after all. The walk leading to the building was empty of students; the bell for changing classes couldn't have rung yet. She would have a minute to catch her breath.

She took a second to stand, looking at the campus, changing, with all the mutations of the seasons, and yet somehow changeless. How long, she wondered, had that crack split its way down the crumbling red brick front of the Auditorium? Indefatigably, time, it seemed, was defacing the school. This crack. The inadequate stadium. The out-dated equipment in the chemistry laboratory. She knew that the thought of all these was always in the back of Charles' mind, prodding him into a series of last-ditch attempts to secure money. However ignoble the out-stretched hand was as a gesture, it was nevertheless, she decided, a necessary one, and she felt vaguely sorry for Charles.

Turning from the Auditorium, she glanced out over the square, rimmed by other red-brick buildings, picturesque but pitifully shabby in their winter nakedness. Sometime yesterday the snow must have melted a little, because now, frozen into a crust, it shimmered before her, a cold blue lake. Beside her a bush, its narrow branches crusted with ice, blazed in the sunlight as if it were on fire. She reached to touch one of the branches, half convinced that it would scorch her pigskin glove, when behind her she heard the raucous two-noted whistle of a college boy who sees a pretty girl.

Self-consciously she straightened and moved on up the sidewalk; the whistle came again, and she had to tell herself sternly that it was ridiculous to think the whistle was meant for her. She had reached the steps of the Auditorium when she heard the whistle again, this time so close that instinctively she turned to see who the whistler was.

From behind a tree stepped a black figure, massive against the shimmering snow. The figure came toward her, and she saw a man, carefully tailored, almost dapper, a homburg hat set on his head at an incongruously jaunty angle. As he came closer she saw the skin of his face, burned brown by some other climate; around his blue eyes it creased into dozens of small lines. But it was the man's beard which drew her eyes. Blond, tinged with red, supple, almost ragged, it should have given him a Biblical look. Instead it endowed him with an aura of energy, as if so much of

it were concentrated in his body that it required an outlet. Its magnificence hypnotized her, and she continued to gaze at the figure, fascinated, until he was close to her. Then she said, "Oh!"

"Little Amy Austin," the man said, his voice behind the beard slightly foreign in inflection.

"Emery!" she gasped. "You've grown a beard!"

"The better to frighten you with, my dear."

They stood looking at each other, and as Amy stared at him, she felt a strange intimacy growing between them. It was an intimacy that rolled back the years,

Emery, surrounded by a covey of girls. He seemed always surrounded recently; like a honey pot, she thought, surrounded by bees.

She did not know why the sight of him irritated her except that almost everything he did irritated her. She found him disturbing in a way that she couldn't explain. She was sorry they had ever met during a college production of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Because he was a campus legend, she had already known about him. It was rumored that he had knocked down Professor Burgess of the English Department during an argument about the

used in maintaining a winning team.

In short, he was an infidel; he resisted the pack; he isolated himself from the mass; he was impudent, belligerent, egotistic, and only his excessive charm saved him from the whipping block. He infuriated her, and he excited her.

Since their joint performance in "Midsummer Night's Dream," he had wandered once or twice, without warning, into her sorority house, and they had sat on the porch, she listening, Emery talking. "I want to get away. New York maybe. Somewhere where I can knock over the whitened sepulchres, shake my fist at the hypocrites, eat the flesh of the sainted cows."

She had sat gravely remote in the darkness, walled away from him by the feeling of resistance that he always aroused in her. To him, she felt, she was only an audience, not an individual; it was impossible to draw near to him, to share with him a mutual warmth of a common emotion. He required nothing from her but attentive silence, and so she instinctively withdrew from him . . . even while she was attracted by some quality in him, a searching, a relentless seeking.

Now, seeing him with his retinue of girls, it was hard to remember that she had ever found anything appealing in him. Yet when he saw her and came to her, breaking through the two or three girls between them with the arm movements of a swimmer, she smiled at him. "Hello."

"Hi!" He reached, without ceremony, for her sketch pad. She noticed that the collar to his shirt was torn, and that his light hair, vigorous hair that came alive in the sunlight, was rumpled as if he had forgotten to comb it. "How's it going?" he said, without noticing her scrutiny.

He flipped through the pages, stopping for a minute at a head she had done of David the afternoon before. "Over-sentimental," he commented. Then he looked at her. "Or maybe that's the way you feel about him."

The way he said it sounded like a challenge, and she was uncomfortably defiant. "Maybe."

"Sentimentality," he said pompously, "is as much a crime against society as murder. It destroys values. Take you, for example. If you aren't careful, you'll wind up marrying that guy." Unbearably superior, he went on to tell her what a mistake this would be, how she would be tying herself for life to a prolonged emotional anaemia that would waste her potential talents.

"It must," she murmured resentfully, "get very tiring to be omnipotent."

They had been walking slowly down the path, and now he drew her to a spot under an elm tree, pulling her down on the grass beside him. She went with him reluctantly. "I wanted to do some sketching . . ."

"It can wait." It was like him to brush aside someone else's plans. His blue eyes were shining at her with an enthusiasm which left her on the outside, in which she had no part, and she was impatiently angry with him for being so complete without her. "I'm going to New York in a week," he said. "Several editors have liked some of the pieces I've done. I'm all set."

"Just like that," she said. She felt frozen against his exuberance.

He hardly heard her. "If I can get a good deal, I'll be on my way to Europe

♦ Continued on page 69

Wind at the Cliff

Like a puff of wind from the sea
we were met by the cliffs of a continent
and now at the inlet's end recoil upon ourselves.
Doubting our force we twist and perhaps
in the absorbing sky dissipate.

Yet we have acid tears that eat these mountain walls,
and while the sun stays something renews us,
gusts reinforce, explore the pass.

Somehow still we may blow straight,
come flowing into the gullies, battering
the bright rock with the hail of our will.

O we may yet roar free, unwhirl,
sweeping great waves into the deepening bores,
bringing the ocean to boom and fountain and siren,
tumbling the fearful clouds into a great sky wallowing,
cracking the mountain apart —
the great wind of humanity blowing free,
blowing through,
streaming over the future.

by Earle Birney

that brought the past as close as yesterday, this minute.

IT WAS spring, and Amy, not quite 20, her dark hair rolled into short curls, was walking down the path in front of the Auditorium. She was looking for the right spot to catch the feathery look of the newly leafed trees. Her mood was a rare one, the quiet integration of self with background, and she felt a kind of ecstasy, walking down the elm-bordered sidewalk, noting how the stripped branches were beginning to be fuzzed with tender green. Her mood was broken when ahead of her she saw

relative merits of Shakespeare and Shaw. It was said that a woman from the town, an older woman, slipped into his rooming house at night; the girls in her sorority were always whispering about it in corners, and the whispering nauseated her.

He was said to have told the president at a tea that college was a waste of time, that it was a collection of mental anachronisms, that all the professors on the campus were living in vacuums carefully sealed. He had played football for two years and then had quit, refusing to yield to any kind of pressure, because he claimed he didn't like the methods

LOOKS GOOD!
See how brightly tempting!

LISTENS GOOD!
Hear it bubble softly!

SMELLS GOOD!
Catch a fragrant whiff!



My hustle, bustle, brawn and muscle
Come from exercise—
And also eating Campbell's Soup; so
Try it—you'll be wise!

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus
Bean with Bacon • Beef • Beef Noodle
Bouillon • Cream of Celery • Consommé
Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle
Chicken with Rice • Clam Chowder
Cream of Mushroom • Ox Tail • Green
Pea • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth
Tomato • Vegetable-Beef • Vegetable
Vegetarian Vegetable.

Made by Campbell's in Canada

'TIS GOOD!
"And It's Almost a Meal in Itself"
Say Women Everywhere

From every point of view, it's a grand choice for a main dish any day and any time of day. A nourishing beef stock and fifteen different garden vegetables make Campbell's Vegetable Soup hearty eating for

hungry people, sure enough! All the family love it, and that goes for mother, too. She knows it's "almost a meal in itself"—with all the many good things in it. Memo to Mom: Just try to keep it on hand!



Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

It's "1-2-3-GO" for FRY'S Canada's Favorite* Cocoa!



1. FRESHER AROMA! You're off to a good start the minute you open the famous yellow tin — what a wonderful fresh-chocolate fragrance! The fine aroma is a specialty of Fry's.



2. EASIER MIXING! You'll really go for Fry's velvety texture — because it makes mixing so much easier! You'll make more professional chocolate dishes and smoother cups of cocoa!



3. RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOR!

Fry's is the winner with children, too — they're quick to spot the richer chocolate flavor!

It's the extra flavor that makes Fry's the first choice for steaming cups of

cocoa, for chocolate cakes, desserts, sauces and icings!

It's the extra flavor that makes more people buy Fry's than any other cocoa in Canada — by *3-to-1.

*Fry's sells 3-1 over any other cocoa in Canada according to a National Survey.

FRY'S

THE COCOA WITH THE
RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOR



Delphinium in the Garden

Continued from page 17

time before dinner to look through the second mail.

The lab was cluttered, its confusion of bottles the complement of its confusion of smells. Hughes, bent over a prothrombin test and grunting a tuneless song, had paused to lend his critical approval to the technician's job on her noonhour lipstick. Neither of them paid any attention to Steve. He made futile stabblings at the clutter. There was no sign of the tubes from Mrs. Hood's gastric test. He glowered at the technician.

"Mrs. Hood had a gastric test meal done this morning. Know where the tubes are?"

"The nurse hasn't brought them in yet." The technician sounded bored. Keeping track of nurses wasn't her job, and anyway this was her dinner hour.

"It should have been done by 11.30. Where the devil is she?" He stamped furiously off down the ward. He knew he was ready to let fly, and he knew he shouldn't. He tried to relax. Counted 10. Breathed deeply. Warned himself: "Wait. This isn't what you're angry about. You know what's eating you. Rosemary doesn't write. So she hasn't written for a week.

So what? She's busy, isn't she? Never could waste time on writing. Wasn't any whiz at it even when you were in England. And you're going to see her in a month. Twenty-three days to be exact. Twenty-two and a half. Take it easy. Watch your step and don't get in a snit over trifles." But it wasn't any good. Here he was, glaring at the nurse as he scrabbled through the tubes on Mrs. Hood's table. Two of them were still empty.

"You'll wake her." The nurse's gaze was level.

"Wake who?" He snapped at her. "Mrs. Hood. She's asleep."

"So I see. And the last two tubes still empty. They're marked for 11 and 11.30. It's 12 o'clock now. How do you explain that?"

"It's the first time she's slept in 48 hours. So I couldn't wake her." There was no apology in the girl's voice, rather a note of finality.

"Look here, my good girl, I went to considerable trouble to put that tube down. I wanted specimens every half hour. You've ruined the test. I'm going to report you." He was so annoyed that the thought of reporting her gave him satisfaction. He gloated over the effect his words would have. So, he reflected, must Scrooge have got a bang out of life upon occasion.

The nurse gathered up the tubes. The profile she turned to him was exquisite and unabashed, the crisp gold of her hair curled impudently around her ear. Mrs. Hood slept peacefully on.

A further outrage occurred to him. "What do you mean, she hasn't slept for 48 hours? If she doesn't sleep at night she can ask for a sedative. She knows that."

"Yes, but she won't."

"Why not?"

"Her husband takes drugs. He's addicted. She's afraid of them. She won't take a sedative. She pretends to sleep."

The girl spoke so matter-of-factly that he knew she was telling the truth. However had she discovered it? He had taken the woman's history, very painstakingly, and had learned nothing of her husband's addiction. Along with the physical findings this fact would have been almost as useful in diagnosing peptic ulcer as a gastric test meal could be.

"How do you know she's honest about not sleeping?" And about her husband's addiction. Confound it. How had he missed that?

She looked at him, considering. A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "How do I know you didn't sleep last night?"

That was impertinence. He flushed angrily. But it was true, he hadn't. He had tossed all night, alternately worrying about Rosemary and Dr. Ames. He wished Ames would leave him alone,

let him make up his own mind. But it was indecent that this girl should read him so easily. If she had guessed Mrs. Hood's unhappiness with equal sureness, he could understand with what relief confidences would have followed.

"What's your name?"

"Lisa Kendrick."

"Well, Miss Kendrick, the head nurse can deal with you."

She'd learn that it wasn't up to a student nurse to decide whether a doctor's orders were to be carried out or not.

The head nurse was on the telephone and in her best form: "I'm not

taking any excuse. You'll have those X-rays here in 10 minutes or I'll phone the medical superintendent." She put down the receiver and whirled on an offending junior. "Miss Ashton, the small wards are a disgrace. You can take time from your hours off to make them presentable. And get that make-up off. What is it, Dr. Stevens?"

Steve caught sight of Lisa Kendrick heading for the small wards to help the tearful Miss Ashton. He didn't know why, but when he looked at her he thought of Rosemary. Not the disturbing stranger who neglected to answer his letters, but the Rosemary whose sweet and wilful ways he had always found delightful and incomprehensible. Lisa was tall and fair, Rosemary elfish and darkly vivacious and he couldn't remember that Rosemary, in all the glittering span of her life, had ever had time to help anyone. But Rosemary went her own way and Lisa Kendrick, he suspected, went hers.

Atomic Lullaby

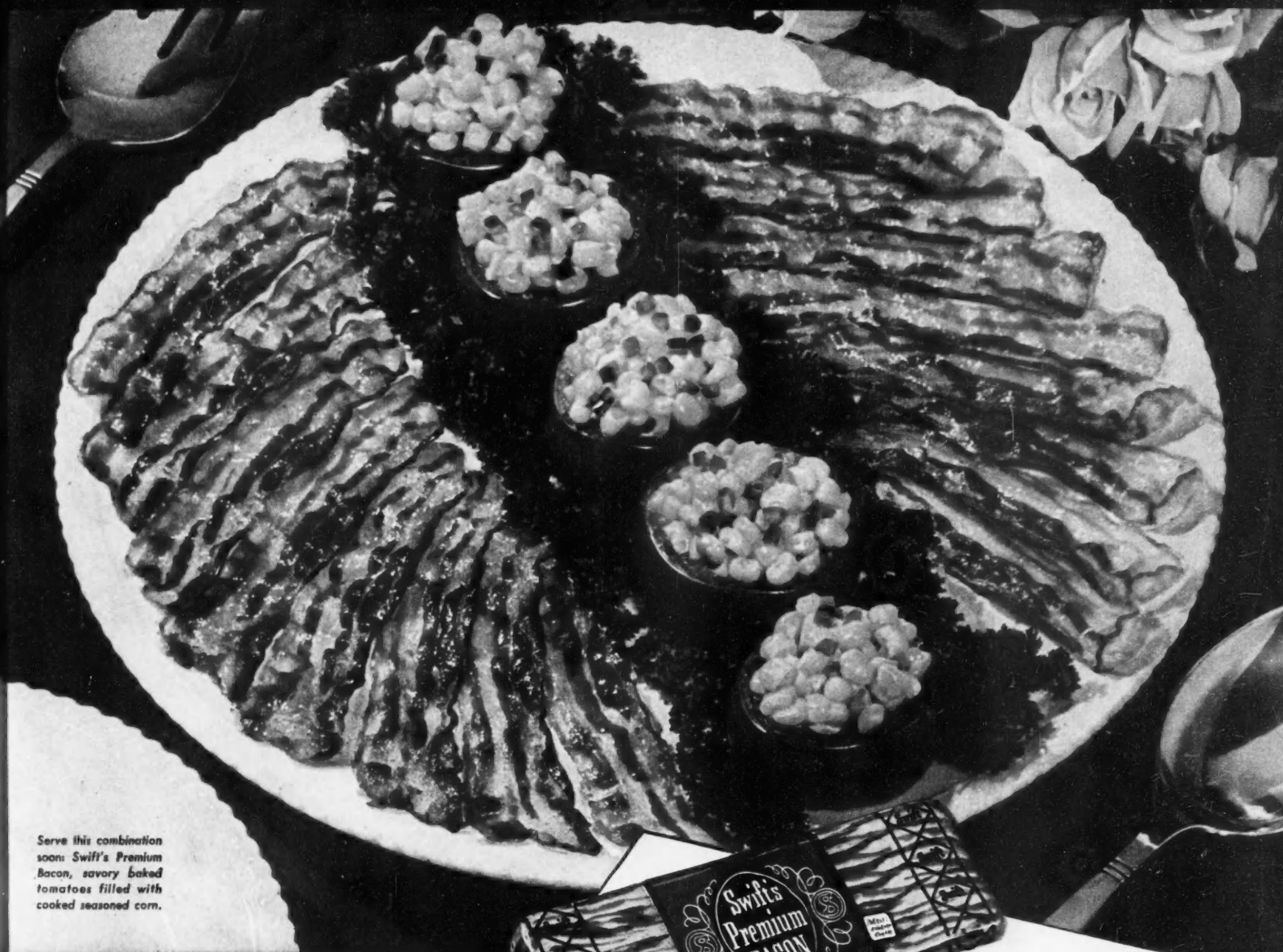
By FRANCES FROST

The tall-browed cities, thin and limber,
that swayed in the wind of war
like timber,
and did not fall, the steel-ribbed
cities—
their gold eyes holding a million
pities

for their broken comrades over the
world
whose worn limbs buckled, whose
dreams were hurled
into hot rubble—the cities stand
shuddering and reach a hand

for the evening broadcast, the mid-
night news:
which of them will the atom choose?
Which beautiful city, thin and
limber,
will be the first to go down like
timber?

First choice WITH THREE GENERATIONS



Serve this combination soon: Swift's Premium Bacon, savory baked tomatoes filled with cooked seasoned corn.



Only Swift's Premium Bacon gives you that famous sweet smoke taste, that unvarying perfection. Look for the name on the package; ask for Swift's Premium Bacon.

Traditional, in countless Canadian homes, is the choice of one particular bacon. Swift's Premium! Superb quality—rigidly maintained—has made it the acknowledged favourite for more than half a century. So, when you buy bacon for your own family, give them the very finest, the best-liked brand of all. Give them Swift's Premium Bacon. They'll love its matchless sweet smoke taste.

Swift's
WITH THE
SWEET SMOKE TASTE
Premium Bacon



LETTUCE



CARROTS



PARSLEY



BEETS



TOMATOES



WATERCRESS



CELERY



SPINACH

Start the meal the V-8 way!

ENJOY THE JUICES OF THESE 8 GARDEN-FRESH VEGETABLES

V-8® gives you eight vegetable juices all at one time! It's eight times as flavorful as any one vegetable juice alone.

This inspired combination of eight garden-fresh vegetable juices is the perfect start for every meal. For the exciting, thrilling, zestful flavor of V-8 makes other foods taste more appetizing.

Enjoy a big glassful of V-8 with a sandwich for lunch or as a snack at bedtime. Give your family the appetizing goodness of eight vegetables. Ask for V-8 at your grocer's!



*V-8 is a trade-mark owned in Canada by Standard Brands Limited.

"Well?" The head nurse's voice was granite. She didn't like to be kept waiting.

The remembrance of Rosemary with delight had wiped out his anger. He couldn't throw Lisa to the wolves. "Oh—uh—that test meal on Mrs. Hood. It's not conclusive. We'll have to do a repeat tomorrow." He slunk off, feeling himself a fool. But in the back of his mind lurked contentment. Perhaps now they could make some headway with Mrs. Hood. Poor devil, what had she hoped to gain, trying to keep that sort of thing to herself? Thank heaven somebody had broken down her resistance. But why hadn't that girl reported it? He grinned as he remembered the head nurse's biting comment to overzealous students: "That's out of your sphere." Well, Kendrick must have something on the ball, even if she was a rotten nurse.

HE FOUND HIMSELF WATCHING her after that. Partly because she perplexed him, and partly because, having once called Rosemary to his mind, she now had the power to evoke her constantly. Lisa was a kind of amulet to him. It was good to have someone whose presence brought Rosemary close, for she seldom did much to call herself to his attention. She never wrote oftener than once a week in reply to his nightly letters. Sometimes he scribbled a dozen pages, more often he was too tired for more than the note which was his needed link with her. On the night when Dr. Ames had offered him a position on the staff, he had snatched a few minutes to scratch on the back of a medical division sheet: "Darling, I'm too bushed to think let alone write. Dr. Ames wants me to come on the staff here. What do you say? You know where that road leads. I can't see myself in a morning-coat with a flower in my buttonhole. But I haven't the guts to say no. Help me out."

That time her answer had been swift: "Dear Steve, how are you? I think it's marvellous. You know it means all the things we used to talk and dream about. Father is frightfully impressed. You've heard how he can rant about hospital politics. Of course it will take time to work up position and prestige. But it's so assured. Remember how, even in high school, we had it all figured out that you'd be medical superintendent some day? And we'd have a house with four bathrooms? I'll settle for three for a start. Now are you convinced that it was worth while staying overseas to do that special research? Of course you must accept. I'm sure they'll think it funny that you hesitate. Jim Pierson—you remember him, he was at McGill with you, and he's going into practice with father, or did I tell you—he says you're a made man if you're on the staff there.

"All you have to do is play your cards right, and darling, you were always a shark at rummy. Steve dear, congratulations. It's really something to celebrate. I'm counting the days till we go East. Father's brushing up on his medical who's who and what's what for the convention. I'm just buying clothes. He says the plane will sink under the weight, but we're going to have fun, aren't we? Jim Pierson may come with us. Steve, find a pretty nurse for him, will you—but not too pretty."

So he'd be a made man, would he? Well, he didn't want to be a man made like some of these blokes. To dry up like Professor Ames, or turn into the Great White Chief like Emerson on surgery. Heaven forbid. He wished he could remember Jim Pierson, but all he could connect with him was a mustache and a red roadster. There wasn't any reason why Rosemary's father shouldn't take a mustache and a red roadster into practice with him. Or was there? Dammit, there wasn't any reason why Rosemary should tell him. He wished he had gone to the coast and clamped that diamond firmly on her finger.

He should have gone back right after he'd finished that extra year's work in England. But the hospital here had refused to wait for him; they had to have a senior interne at once. He knew he was lucky to get such a chance, and Rosemary had urged him to stay in the East. After all, she'd be coming East with her father in a couple of months. She had been very definite, had weighed the advantages. Perhaps he had agreed too willingly.

Steve would have liked to think out his problems in peace. But Professor Ames kept at him. Indirectly, with subtlety. Suggesting that he owed something to the hospital which had trained him. Intimating that people who can are expected to get to the top, their friends expect it, common sense expects it. It was almost as if he said, "Rosemary expects it." And of course a man owed it to himself to make the most of his talents. That angle annoyed Steve. What did old Ames know about what was best for him? Why should he assume that Steve wanted to take on the routine job of a junior staffman, lecturing to second-year students, attending on the professor's grand rounds, being amiable to the right people, taking the patients assigned to him by someone else, always doing what was expected of him because he knew it was expected, and finally, by skill nicely frosted with politics, easing himself into a really cushy position? It made him furious. It interfered with his work. He found himself writing down, "Picked for sucker by professor" instead of "Picked up for drunk by police."

"What was that you said?" he barked. The patient looked aggrieved. "Picked me up for drunk, I said. Found me

For One Disheartened

By R. H. GRENVILLE



You think all things have ended,
Seeing the leaves go down,
And winter's pale aggression
Prevail against the town.

I say, be not disheartened,
Beneath this very snow
The armaments are hidden
For winter's overthrow.

Death has no power to conquer.
Behold, from where you are,
The misty womb of heaven
In travail with a star!

You meet them Everywhere*
and you can't fool them about coffee

Take John, for instance . . . grade-one citizen — conscientious worker — loving husband and father — the salt of the earth. Why are you so set on Maxwell House, John?

That's easy! Maxwell House has More Flavor

Indeed it has, John. Maxwell House contains choice Latin-American coffees . . . extra-flavor coffees selected from the very best obtainable.

... Maxwell House has Finer Flavor, too.

Right again! Experts combine the qualities of these superb coffees in the famous Maxwell House blend to ensure Finer Flavor.

... And Fuller Flavor—the kind a man wants

That's because the Maxwell House Radiant Roast develops fully every atom of extra goodness in this richer, more delicious blend.

Packed 3 ways:

SUPER-VACUUM TIN
Drip and Regular Grinds



GLASSINE-LINED BAG
All Purpose Grind



Instant
MAXWELL HOUSE
Made instantly in the cup



More people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world . . . at any price

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the Last Drop!"

MH-108M

A Product of General Foods

Dessert Is No Problem Now!

NOW that your grocer has Jell-O regularly again, the question of family-pleasing desserts can be settled in a twinkling! Look for it—ask for it—and you'll find sparkling, quick-and-easy Jell-O at your grocer's now, almost any time you want it. All seven exciting "locked-in" flavors. Serve them plain, or in such intriguing ways as suggested here or on the packages.



A Product of General Foods

Key your table to Jell-O's enchanting colors.

A large mould of glistening, vivid Strawberry Jell-O, filled with drained orange and grapefruit segments and canned peach slices, and garnished attractively.

Or—Cherry Jell-O chilled in a shallow pan, cut in cubes, and alternated in tall glasses with almond-flavored custard sauce.

Or—brilliant Lime Jell-O with a "flower" garnish of marshmallow slices and maraschino cherry.

So easy, so good a dessert to charm family and friends!

Prepare Orange Jell-O and chill until slightly thickened; use to fill tender, flaky baked tart shells.

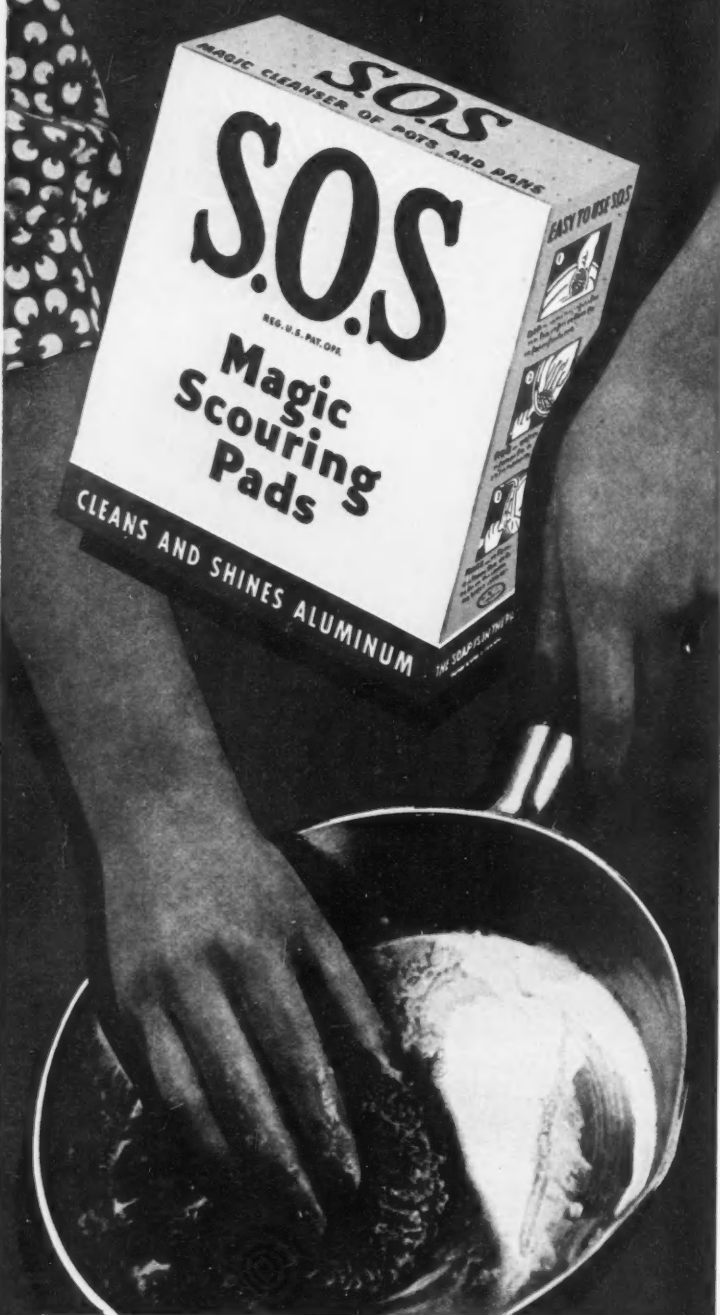
Top with strawberry preserves, and fresh mint when available.

What's found only in Jell-O?
That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

Jell-O is a trade-mark owned by General Foods, Limited

J-398M

Easy way to clean aluminum



With **S.O.S.**—here's all you do —



JUST DIP the edge of this magic scouring pad in water. Instantly it's ready to go to work. Saves time and effort at the kitchen sink.



THEN RUB spots where food sticks—briefly, briskly. The pan shines. And no other cleanser's needed because the soap's right in the pad!



THEN RINSE—Easy? Quick? Yes—and a shiny pan is long-lived. Scores of other uses, too—cleans "Pyrex," rusted tools, auto bumpers, etc.

S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

8-2

lyin' there by the curb. I'd had no breakfast, see? Couldn't find a restaurant open nowhere. This goll-durned city don't wake up till eight o'clock. And I'd taken that consarned insulin. Doc, from now on I ain't touchin' that stuff. It's poison."

"Well, we'll see. So they brought you in to Emergency?"

Silence. Steve surprised a fatuous smile on the old diabetic's face. He screwed around in his chair. Across the ward Lisa Kendrick, industriously rubbing soap into a patient's eyes, was whistling a tune to herself as she worked. Steve glanced toward the office. It wasn't considered good form for a nurse to whistle. Lisa's victim grinned at her from behind the soap bubbles and joined in. One of the arthritics picked up the tune. A boy in a wheel chair started to sing it:

"Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing,
Oh, the lilt of the piper's tune,
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness—"

"Catchy tune, eh, doc?" cackled Steve's patient.

"Sounds like one of those gosh awful musicals," Steve growled. "Orchestral background ought to be breaking in any time now." He didn't like being interrupted. He didn't like having to worry about what the head nurse might say to Lisa. That girl needed someone to look after her. But the ward felt differently. Bubbles of gaiety had burst in it. With a comb wrapped in paper the boy in the wheel chair was subbing for the off-stage orchestra, and the arthritic had picked up his mouth organ. Steve's foot began to tap. He modified his conviction that Lisa Kendrick was a rotten nurse.

The head nurse, suddenly materializing at the door, saw no reason to modify hers. "Miss Kendrick, that's enough nonsense. There's a hamper of linen waiting to be folded. Find one of the probationers and the two of you get busy on it."

LISA WENT without a word. She didn't even stop to apply powder to a back shining with alcohol. Steve didn't know what a rage she was in until, on his way out of the ward, he noticed her in the linen room, yanking sheets out of the hamper and apostrophizing them with venom.

He grinned at her. "Having fun?"

She shook a sheet at him. "I'm so mad I could spit. Fold linen! Set up dinner trays! Clean the tap room! Dust the table tops! File the X-rays! All day long. So that's nursing! I might better be pounding a typewriter."

"Much better, if you'd rather. And let somebody else take over the folding and dusting."

"Oh, but I wouldn't rather," she assured him. "It's just that when you spend so much of your time doing fiddling stuff like this you can't do any decent nursing. It's the system that's wrong."

"What system?"

She laughed then. "You know what I mean, don't you? I meant the hospital system, but maybe you're right, it's the economic system that's wrong. And crabbing about it doesn't help any. I'm just fed up."

"You can't blame the hospital because it hasn't enough workers. You're

browned off, that's all," he agreed, liking her because they understood each other. "So am I, a bit. Let's go out and forget it all. How about a show tonight?"

He supposed he must have said it. Somebody had, and it hadn't sounded like Lisa. But he was surprised. He had meant to spend the evening writing to Rosemary. Explaining to her that he didn't think he wanted a hospital job. Trying to convince her as well as himself that he wasn't letting her down. Before he went away they had understood each other perfectly. They had wanted the same things, the same life. They had both been wildly ambitious. He remembered inconsequently how, in imagination, they had furnished a house together. Broad stairs, with a windowseat at the landing. Hundreds of lamps and wide spacious windows. A piano for him. Rosemary had insisted on a baby grand with a copper jar full of delphinium on it, in a long room where they would have big Sunday cocktail parties. She had always improved on his ideas.

But now the dream was shaken. He pictured a quiet tea in front of the fire, and perhaps church before his last calls for the night. The house had grown smaller. It no longer stood on an imposing city avenue. He could see the funny jumble of a small-town street from its windows and hear the lonely whistle of the midnight train as he put the car away. It was disturbing to think of trying to explain to Rosemary in a letter. She would understand if he could talk to her. He wished that the medical convention were this week instead of next month. And he decided that he could probably write a better letter tomorrow night.

The movie delighted Lisa. He felt rather like a worldly uncle giving a very young niece a treat, until a couple of her comments set him to laughing and then he forgot about being worldly. And when he took her in for coffee afterward he found that she enjoyed food as much as she did Danny Kaye. He ordered a couple of oversized sundaes.

"I feel better," she said. "I can't remember having any troubles in the world. I'm quite a different person."

He grinned. "Me too. Yet we haven't unloaded our griefs on each other. We haven't settled any problems."

"No. It's queer, isn't it? They're all still there, but we've got far enough away from them to see them in proper perspective. I suppose it proves that most of our difficulties are our own creations. They're just the result of moods, or tiredness, or glands."

"Or hunger," he supplemented. "Have another sundae?"

"Well"—she hesitated—"could you afford it?"

He would have been annoyed if he hadn't been amused. She was the first girl he had been out with who had been tactless enough to consider his pittance as an interne, and the first one who had admitted she was equal to two sundaes. "Hot fudge? We can always wash dishes if necessary." Then he reverted to the previous subject. "I suppose you'll claim that happiness is merely a matter of glands, too?"

"Oh, happiness. That's different. It's a full-time job. You don't analyze happiness. You've no time for that when you're happy."

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"It's true!" reports Mary Connolly. "The 14-Day Palmolive Plan really worked for me! You need just one quick look at me to know it. Why when I look in my mirror now, I can hardly believe that only 14 days ago, my complexion was coarse-looking, dull and oily!"

"In 14 days, the change in my complexion was definite—noticeable! And I'm only one of many. You know, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days!"

YOU, TOO,
may look for these
skin improvements
in only 14 days!

Less Oily—Clearer

"Less oily," Clara Duncan reports. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin!



Less Coarse-looking—Smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in 14 days!" reports Edith Dehli. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin! See what Palmolive can do for you!



Fewer Tiny Blemishes

Tiny blemishes—small blackheads, due to improper cleansing, respond to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My complexion improved a lot," reports Elizabeth McGurvey. The doctors found over half the women got clearer looking skin!

Fresher, Brighter Color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Bessie Long, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 doctors report this same improvement for 2 skins out of 3. Start your Palmolive Plan today!



Here's all you do!

- 1 Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
- 2 Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
- 3 Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



P.S. For Tub  For Shower  Get the New, BIG, Thrifty  Bath Size Palmolive! 

**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**

Brighter days are here

—for you!

*Now Glo-Coat gives a far brighter shine
...without rubbing or buffing!*



SAVE
MONEY
by buying
the larger
sizes

Laughs begin when you tune in
Fibber McGee and Molly
Tuesday nights—CBC



Bring out the beauty of the home... with

Five Famous Johnson Polishes

Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars



"Johnson's" and "Glo-Coat" are registered trademarks of S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd.

That was true. He had never bothered analyzing things when he was with Rosemary. He would have thought it wasted time, and he was quite sure that she would have. But with the years had come a need for thought. He'd get a kick out of thinking things out with Rosemary now.

Lisa was watching him, smiling as if at the fleeting image of happiness.

"You know," he said, "you're an easy person to talk to." Almost as easy as Rosemary. "I'm beginning to forgive Mrs. Hood for picking you to confide in."

"I hope you're not implying that I'm the sturdy reliable type that people tell their troubles to?"

"If I were, I assure you it would be a compliment."

"Yes, I guess it would. I know someone like that. But it annoys me that he's constantly being imposed upon."

He was curious. "Who is it?"

"My father."

"Oh." With unconscious complacency he asked, "A doctor?"

"No. He was a schoolteacher."

He noticed the past tense. "I—I'm sorry."

She laughed. "No, he's not dead. But he's not teaching any more. He's in insurance now. Not so frightfully good at it, either, because he has a pernicious habit of seeing too well the other fellow's point of view. He taught history at the high school until one day the mill workers went on strike and Father sided with them. And said so."

"Um. And were they in the right?"

"Well, I don't know. I was just a kid at the time and when Father caught me declaiming on the justice of the strike he told me I'd no right to take sides because I hadn't studied the question and didn't know both sides of it—didn't even know one side very well. He doesn't approve of people holding forth on subjects they don't know enough about."

Steve thought, "Young lady, anyone with a mind as free as you've been taught to have is going to find training as a nurse a hard nut to crack." But he only said, "I like your father. He'd let a chap make up his own mind."

SHORTLY after that Lisa went on nights. She was the senior student on night duty, and therefore responsible for the ward. The head nurse looked as if she thought she was consigning her patients to perdition when she gave Lisa the keys at seven o'clock, but Steve was rather pleased. Lisa's gestures, intonation, smile, still conjured up Rosemary for him. When he finished his last case history and said good night to her, he went off to quarters with Rosemary's lovely shadow beside him. Once, on the spur of the moment, he almost kissed the damp curl behind her ear, but he did not want either to astound Lisa or to run the risk of spoiling the illusion.

Professor Ames had begun to press him for an answer and he felt that he was a fool not to give it and have the business settled.

There were nights when he didn't get a chance to say good night to anyone—when he worked through until three and four in the morning. The pneumonia months dragged on into a damp spring. Two boys were admitted, rheumatoid arthritics who suffered an appalling amount of pain. Old Granny Knox

gave up talking about all the fruit she intended to do down next season, and only wished that her children would come up from the farm before she died. An old foreigner with an inoperable brain tumor hung on in listless misery.

Steve liked the old man. He discovered that he used to play first violin in a symphony orchestra, that he had once, in fact, been a concertmaster in Prague. Now he was dying alone, a city order case on a public ward. Steve was glad when he knew, one night, that the ebbside was getting stronger. He watched the still face with relief, till he noticed the eyelids flickering, caught what he thought might be a gleam of awareness in the sunken eyes.

The night was mild, with a hint of soft spring rain. Steve laid an extra blanket over the old man, moved the bed under the window and threw up the sash. Then he went up to quarters, opened the windows wide, and sat down at the piano.

He hadn't played much lately, and his fingers felt stiff. But as he wandered at random through the music he loved, relaxation came. Not knowing what the old man's taste might be, he followed his own inclinations. He swept from a leisurely pavane into Chopin's Polonaise in E Flat, and then modulated to Debussy's Clair de Lune.

The door opened. Dr. Hughes came in.

"Hullo. Didn't know it was you banging out the din. Couldn't hear myself think down on the ward."

"No?"

"No, but it didn't much matter. Nothing to think about. Old Shostakiev popped off. It wasn't worth calling you. Cigarette?"

"No, thanks." He didn't want company. "Think I'll get me some coffee and go to bed."

He went out into the cool night. Rain had fallen and was still dripping from the leaves. A sliver of moon was shouldering aside the clouds. The hospital garden hummed to the distant traffic.

He caught up with Lisa, walking ahead of him toward the dining room. "Why don't you dance?"

She looked at him slantwise. "I feel like dancing." Her voice, as light as her step, betrayed surprise.

"I know you do."

"Someone was playing the piano. It was lovely and it's still haunting me. My mind is full of all the things that you don't seem to have time for here."

All the things that you don't have time for here. He knew what she meant. Deep gropings toward friendship. Ties of understanding. Autumn in the hills. A storm on the outer islands. The crunch of snow under skis. The gleam of Rosemary's hair.

Rosemary would be here the day after tomorrow. Suddenly sure of himself, he decided to put off his letter to Ames until he had talked with her.

The next night Hughes was off duty. Steve, on call, worked until two in the morning, was called again at two-thirty, and, in grim expectation of another death, at four-thirty took a blanket with him onto the ward balcony and stretched out on an empty bed.

TOO TIRED for sleep, he lay smoking. Lights from the avenue hung beyond the trees. The wild sweetness of spring was in his nostrils, against his eyes. Tomorrow he was borrowing Hughie's

car. He thought of the drive he would take with Rosemary, of apple blossom throughout the country, and perhaps lilacs. They would hunt for a valley with mist veiling the moon, and there he would tell her that he didn't want to stay on at the hospital. He didn't want to become a fashionable specialist, he wanted to make a life for himself in a place where he would have freedom of thought and action. He wanted to play sonatas for his patients if he felt like it. Rosemary would understand; she'd have to.

He tried to conjure up Rosemary's face, her smile, the quick flash of her hands, the provocative look from under her lashes. The picture would not form. He closed his eyes, concentrating.

"You'll be cold. The dawn wind's getting up." Lisa dripped her cape over the blanket.

He didn't know what had prompted her kindness, a feeling that anyone lying on her ward was her responsibility, or something more. It was too dark to see her eyes. He wondered whether he had been quite fair to Lisa. He hadn't thought of her at all in relation to himself. He didn't know what she might be thinking.

"Lisa," he said, "I'm very happy."

"Are you?" she returned directly. "Why?"

"Because I'm going to see my girl tomorrow. She's coming from the West Coast. Her father's speaking at the convention. I haven't seen her for three years."

While he waited for her reply she tugged the cape up over his shoulders. "Then you'd better get some sleep now."

He knew he should say something more, but he didn't want to talk. "Smoke?"

"No, thanks. It's against orders." This from Lisa, who ignored orders she didn't believe in. For the first time her voice was curt. "Anyway, I have to start taking temperatures. Don't worry about Mr. Grayson. He's sleeping, and I think he's given up the notion of dying. For tonight, anyway."

The light caught her profile at the door. He dropped asleep almost immediately, to dream sweetly of Rosemary.

HUGHES WAS a good chap, and competent, but he was only a junior. Steve made rounds in the evening before he left to meet Rosemary's plane. Lisa accompanied him down the ward, notebook in hand to take down any orders he might give.

Fortunately no one seemed very ill, though he conceded that a medical ward was unpredictable. Lisa stopped him beside one of the arthritics who had had a biopsy that morning. His pal in the next bed was teasing him about coming out of the anaesthetic.

"All I want to know is, Joe, where'd you meet her? Why haven't we heard of her before? Say, is she the dame who uses that pale pink notepaper?"

"Listen, you're crazy. I tell you I don't know any Mabel."

"Well, we'll ask the doctor. Hey, doc, wasn't he calling for Mabel? Didn't he keep shouting, 'Mabel, where are you?'"

Steve was dumbly grateful that they liked him well enough to include him in their nonsense. "Is she pretty, Joe?"

"I tell you I don't know any Mabel. On the level, doc, did I? My gosh, what'll Kay say? I'll kill you chaps

if you tell her. Mabel? Lord, there was a girl in the Soo. But her name was Muriel."

Later, Steve made rounds down the female side with the red-haired junior who looked upon a term on the female side as a term in prison. He noticed a foam of plum blossom on Granny Knox's bedside table.

"So Granny's people did finally get up from the country? High time, too."

"No, they've just ignored her. Lisa got her that?"

"Lisa?"

The junior leaned conspiratorially nearer. "She picked it in the hospital garden—after dark. The night watchman nearly caught her. Granny's terribly pleased with it."

He stopped beside the bed of a woman for whom he had ordered a sedative. She smiled at him drowsily. "The pain's still there, doctor, but it's as if someone else were having it."

"As if someone else were having it."

He understood what she meant. Fumbling with the keys to Hughie's car in the parking lot, he felt as if some kind of opiate had come between himself and his own excitement. He had longed so for the moment of his meeting with Rosemary that now, with its arrival, emotion seemed to have gone dead within him. The constraint of a meeting with a stranger was upon him. He wondered if he would recognize her.

Of course he did. She came toward him through the crowded rotunda between her father and Jim Pierson. Pierson still had his mustache.

"Steve! How nice to see you! Darling, you look wonderful. Doesn't he look wonderful, Daddy? You remember Jim Pierson, Steve? Isn't it nice that he could come? We've had a marvellous trip. So many people I didn't have time to get my breath all the way. You do look wonderful, Steve. What a hound for work you are. It certainly agrees with you."

She was talking too much, drawing the others into their first moment together. Steve could not match her gaiety, felt ridiculously inadequate. There half a dozen plane acquaintances to whom she had to say good-by, with whom she made tentative dates, good-looking men with facile witticisms which had some special meaning for her. There was no doubt that Rosemary retained her popularity.

Her father seemed pleased to see Steve, but in a blurred way, as if he couldn't quite get him into focus. "Well, Steve, you're looking very fit. All your experiences on the other side don't seem to have done you any harm. We'll be glad to have you back. I suppose you'll be getting into practice soon."

"Daddy, he's staying on at the hospital. You remember, he wrote us about it. Steve's going to do wonderful things." She took his arm and patted it affectionately. Nice puppy. Steve wondered whether she had even mentioned him to her father.

"Nice going, Steve." Jim Pierson took Rosemary's other arm and piloted her through the lounge. He settled her in Hughie's car with an air of proprietorship over both her and the car. Steve bit back an invitation to Jim to drive.

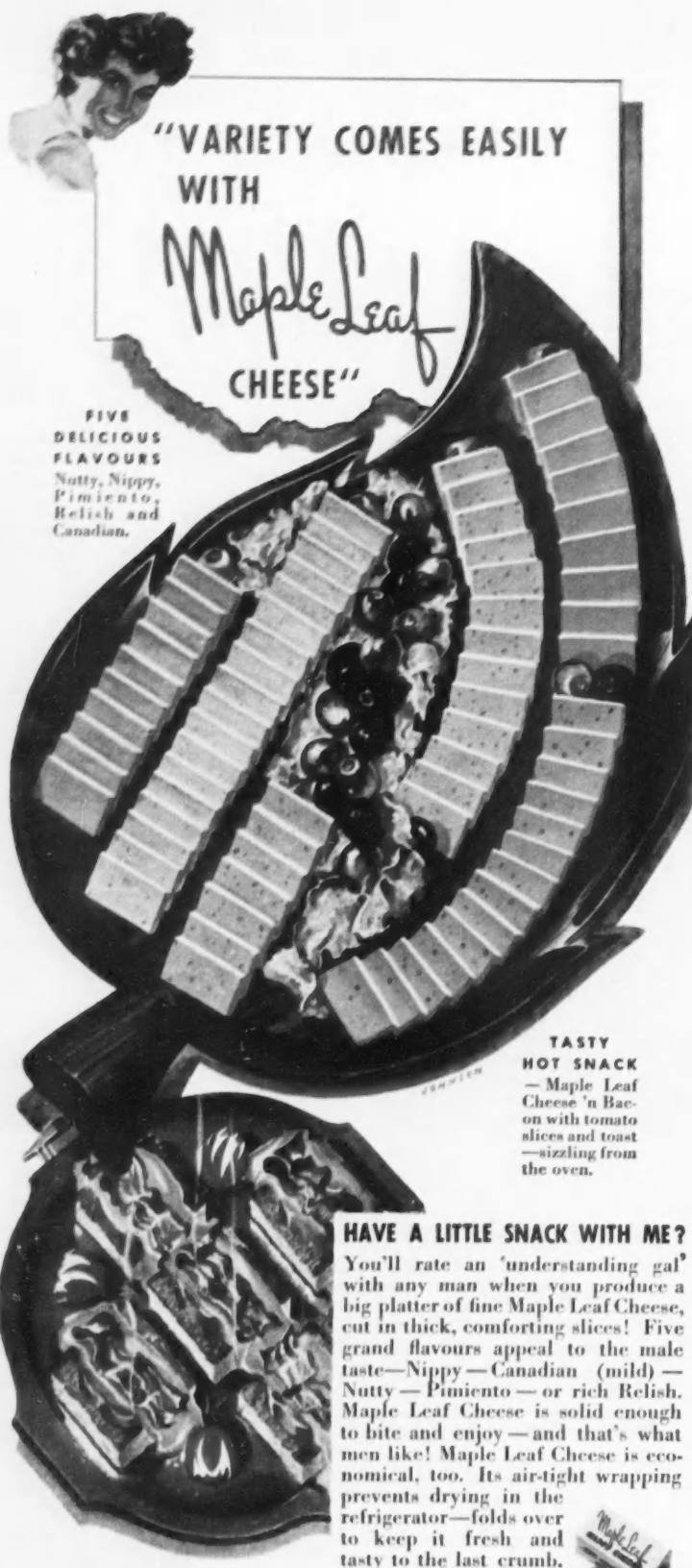
HE DIDN'T know when the tide of his bitterness began to recede. Perhaps it ebbed a little as he listened to Rosemary chattering inconsequentially as he



*For beauty care
that proclaims you
a lovely lady
there is perfection in
the range of*

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS BY **YARDLEY**
OF LONDON

Skin Food - \$1.25, Dry Skin Cleansing Cream - \$1.25, Liquefying Cleansing Cream - \$1.25, Toning Lotion - \$1.00, Complexion Milk - \$1.25, English Complexion Cream - \$1.25, Foundation Cream - \$1.00, English Complexion Powder - \$1.00, Lipstick - \$1.25, Make-up Base - \$1.25.



"VARIETY COMES EASILY WITH
Maple Leaf
CHEESE"

FIVE DELICIOUS FLAVOURS
Natty, Nippy, Pimiento, Relish and Canadian.

TASTY HOT SNACK
— Maple Leaf Cheese 'n Bacon with tomato slices and toast —sizzling from the oven.

HAVE A LITTLE SNACK WITH ME?
You'll rate an 'understanding gal' with any man when you produce a big platter of fine Maple Leaf Cheese, cut in thick, comforting slices! Five grand flavours appeal to the male taste—Nippy—Canadian (mild)—Natty—Pimiento—or rich Relish. Maple Leaf Cheese is solid enough to bite and enjoy—and that's what men like! Maple Leaf Cheese is economical, too. Its air-tight wrapping prevents drying in the refrigerator—folds over to keep it fresh and tasty to the last crumb.

WRITE ME A LETTER—IT MAY WIN \$100.00

Tell me your favourite way of serving Maple Leaf Cheese—hot dishes—cold plates—sandwiches—salads. For the best idea, I send a \$100.00 cheque. But to everyone who writes, I send a voucher good for a ½ lb. package of any one of five flavours of Maple Leaf Cheese. For full details, be sure to see my column in this magazine.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Gene York

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

had heard hundreds of other women do. Perhaps when she laughed, and he knew that it wasn't the warm laughter he had heard in his dreams. Perhaps when he realized that Rosemary wouldn't have wanted to drive out into the quiet spring night with him. That she wouldn't have understood about the small white house with the surgery attached, and the lone whistle of the midnight train. They drove to the hotel, left Dr. Francis happily ensconced in the lounge, and drifted down to the supper dance. Several people joined them, plane acquaintances whom Jim and Rosemary greeted as old friends. They all talked a great deal, and nobody listened. Steve had a drink and watched the play of light on Rosemary's hair. After a while it seemed transmuted to gold, the pale gold which he had seen shining under a nurse's white cap. He stood up. "Will you excuse me a minute? I have to call the ward."

He got through the usual red tape. Lisa answered. "Oh, hello, Dr. Stevens. Having fun?"

"Hitting on high." That was what she expected. She had been surprised by his call. He could hear the red-headed junior calling the insulin protocol in the background: "Protamine zinc 30 regular 10; protamine zinc 42—" It sounded soothing and familiar. "Anything doing?"

"Nothing much. Miss Ainslie had a reaction, but we gave her orange juice and she's all right now. There's nothing else." She hesitated. "Mr. Andrews—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess. He's not sleeping. But he'll probably drop off soon. Dr. Hughes was called to Emergency, but we can get him there."

Rosemary was dancing with Jim Pierson when he got back to the table. They glided easily through intricate steps. Steve talked to the blonde on his left. Her conversational range extended from the varieties of rum to the latest Hollywood divorce proceedings. Steve worried over Andrews. Usually the man slept like a top. He tried to remember whether there had been any urgency in Lisa's voice. Rosemary switched partners a couple of times, danced with him once. They talked about airlines. She said that Jim Pierson had been marvellous to her. She talked animatedly about herself. Perversely, Steve kept her at it. He might just as well get thoroughly acquainted now. She was having a good time. When he surrendered her to a young engineer from Seattle he felt exhausted.

He slumped down beside the table. Here he was, after months, after years, sitting beside Rosemary's chair. Rosemary. Who was Rosemary? Rosemary, his love. But she wasn't his love. She was somebody he had known a long time ago, and since then he had grown up.

"I say," he turned to Jim Pierson, "I think I may have to pop back to the hospital. Make my excuses to Rosemary, will you? And—good luck, old man."

He didn't wait till he reached the ward. There had been anxiety in Lisa's voice, he was sure of it now. This time he got the red-headed junior on the phone. She started before he had a chance to speak. "Miss Gaynes—?" Miss Gaynes was the night superintendent who had to be called for all

emergencies. "Will you get Dr. Hughes for us? Mr. Andrews can't get his breath. He's coughing up blood."

"Nitroglycerine no help?"

"Oh, Dr. Stevens. Thank goodness. No, no help."

"Give him a quarter. I'll be there in five minutes. Tell Hughes to get a cardiograph if he can."

He reached the ward almost as soon as Hughes. They were all in the clinic room. Andrews was propped high in the bed, with Lisa wiping red froth from his lips. His face was grey, his eyes rolled back beyond terror or pain. Hughes had started drawing coramine from an ampoule. He said to Steve, "It's not angina this time."

"No. A coronary." Steve lifted the still arm, felt for the pulse, then put on the stethoscope. Hughes looked at him enquiringly as Lisa tightened the tourniquet. Steve balanced the syringe of coramine in his hand, touched the bulging vein in Andrews' arm. He saw Lisa's eyes upon him, full of grave confidence.

"He's past that." Steve held the syringe, felt between the heaving ribs. He shot the coramine straight into the heart muscle. "It can't do any harm," he said grimly. "I've always wanted to try it."

They waited in silence. After what seemed hours the silence deepened. The hard breathing had eased, the head rolled less on the pillow. Steve applied the stethoscope again. Hughes marvelled, "Holy Pete, it's working!"

Steve nodded to Lisa. "Repeat the morphine." He grinned at the wide-eyed junior. "Wonderful stuff, medicine." No need to admit that his wonder was as great as hers.

While he was writing out the record of orders, Lisa came and stood beside him. "He's sleeping now. We'll keep him in the clinic room till morning. It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"What? That he's recovered? Don't fool yourself, honey. That'll just keep him alive for another attack. Maybe a couple of days, maybe a month. What is known as the refined cruelty of medicine. It's all to go through again. How much d'you think the poor beggar can take?" He spoke out of the frustration and weariness that always came after moments of elation.

"That's true, but you do what you can, for the moment. It's all there is to do. Someday, perhaps, there'll be more. That's all that keeps people going, isn't it?"

"I don't know." Looking into her clear eyes, he knew there was something else that might keep him going. He could fight for the reality he wanted if Lisa wanted it too. For years he had been faithful to a girl who had ceased to exist. Now he knew that she did exist, no longer in his imagination, but here at his side.

"Lisa," he said urgently, "d'you like blue delphinium?"

"Why—of course. Love it."

"Well, no matter. I'll even take the blue delphinium. You wouldn't want three bathrooms, though, would you?"

She drew away. "I don't know what you mean."

He had hurt her. She did care then. "Darling, it doesn't matter. I've got three full months to explain it to you in. Three months before we start hunting for a village with a small white house in it. And delphinium in the garden." ♦

"It's True about PARIS," I thought as he kissed My Hand



Could this be me...on the Quai D'Orsay with a Frenchman kissing my hand? So romantic...like something you read about. Lucky my hand was nice and smooth. I mean lucky I use Jergens Lotion. Men like smooth, soft hands.



Anyway... that Frenchman was very attentive...until Dick came over...and growled about all the handkissing.



"Well, why don't you kiss a girl's hand?" I asked Dick...And you know...he did! And he said the dearest things and...and...now we're engaged to be married. And I'll be one wife who won't neglect her hands. There'll be Jergens Lotion in our house.

So your hands can feel softer than ever—and smoother—your Jergens Lotion is finer than ever today. More protective, too. Two ingredients many doctors use are both in today's Jergens Lotion. The very first application soothes chapped hands; regular use helps prevent unsightly chapping.

Will "he" kiss your hand? You can make him want to. Know what the Hollywood Stars do? The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. Make Jergens Lotion your regular hand care. Still 10¢ to \$1.00. None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

**Used by More Women
than Any Other Hand Care
in all the World**



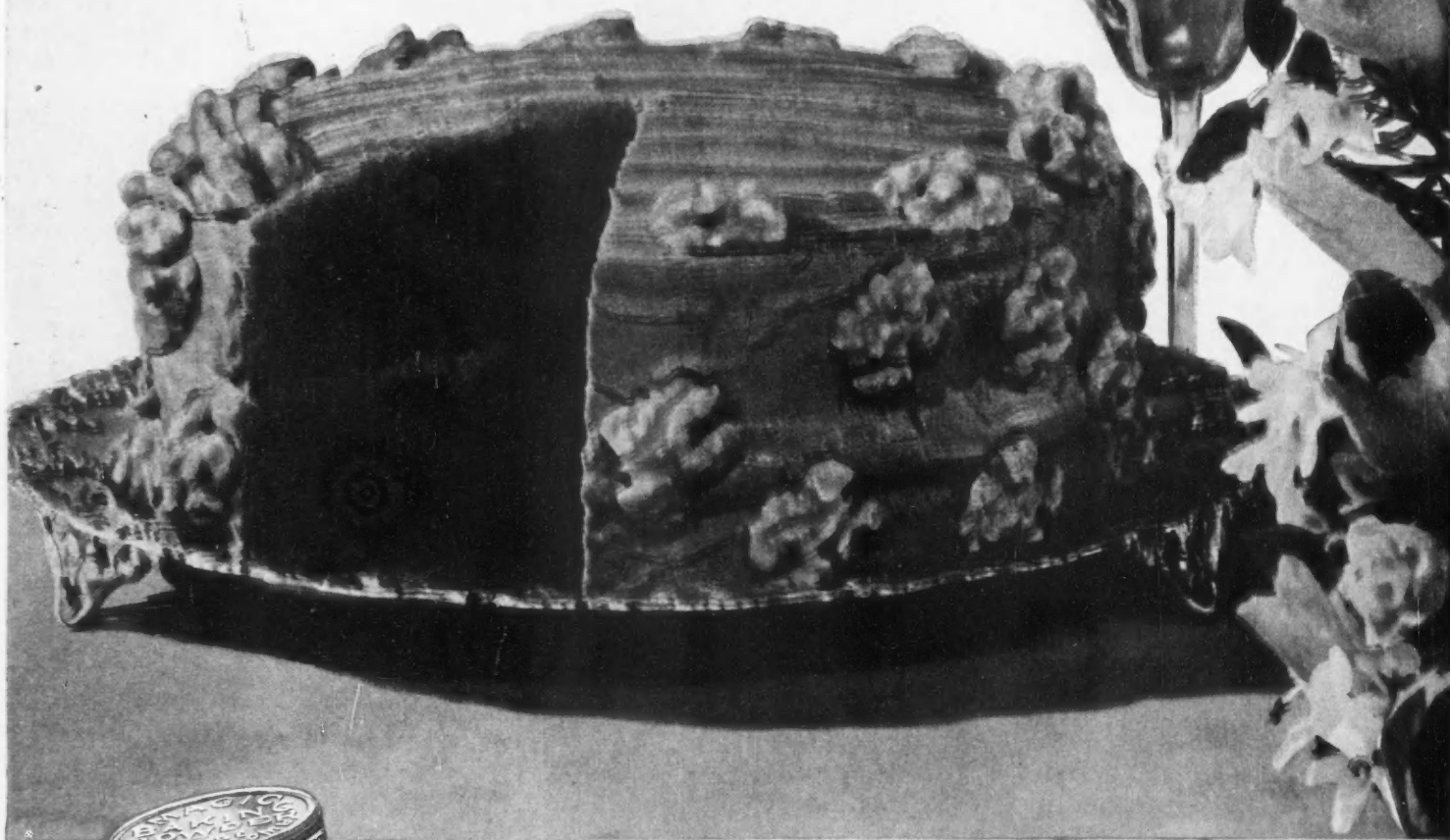
For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Make a Minty Mocha Cake

Light and luscious made with MAGIC

A melty-rich Mocha Cake with just a hint of spicy peppermint! It's Magic's Minty Mocha Cake, a dream of a dessert, with a texture that's pure velvet and a smooth, luscious flavor that makes it about the most delectable cake in the world!

For outstandingly delicious flavor, delicate texture in everything you bake, always use Magic. You can depend on it to help insure finest baking results in all kinds of cakes, biscuits, desserts. Once you use it, you'll see why it's been a standby with 3 generations of Canadian homemakers. Get Magic Baking Powder today.



MINTY MOCHA CAKE

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| ¾ cup shortening | 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder |
| 1 ½ cups sugar | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 4 eggs | 1 ½ cups milk |
| 4 squares (4 oz.) unsweetened chocolate | ½ teaspoon vanilla extract |
| 2 ½ cups sifted all-purpose flour | ¾ teaspoon peppermint extract |
| | Mocha Frosting |
| | Walnut halves |

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Melt chocolate over hot water; add melted chocolate. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla and peppermint extracts. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven at 350° F., 30 minutes. Cool 5 minutes. Remove layers from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between layers

and on top and sides of cake. Decorate with walnut halves.

MOCHA FROSTING Cream ¼ cup butter. Sift together 2 ½ cups confectioner's sugar and 2 tablespoons cocoa; gradually add, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons freshly made coffee to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains salt. Mix well. If desired, a few drops of peppermint may be added to provide a mint flavor to the frosting.

Helen Campbell's Page

NOW IS the time to ask you—how are you making out with your New Year's resolutions? Have they all come a cropper or have you forgotten what you resolved? Me, I've kept the one I made a year ago about redding up the drawer in the hall table.

I don't know how you feel, but I'm not enamored of February. But give me an easy chair and a good book, let me draw the curtains and turn up the lamp and I forget the blizzard and bluster going on outside.

Don't tell me that a few grey hairs and the odd crow's foot don't bring their compensations. Now I can be an Alice-sit-by-the-fire to my heart's content and no questions raised. And I don't care how good the ski trails are.

Soup, said somebody or other, is to a dinner what an overture is to an opera. Fancy words, but true. You know yourself the value of first impressions.

Ever serve hot buttered popcorn with cream soups or chowder? Nice.

Saucy comeback: Your custard sauce has curdled a little? Beat it like crazy for a few minutes and smoothness will be pretty well restored. It may be a little thinner, but you can't have everything. A rotary beater is best for this fixin' job. But you probably know all this; why am I telling you?

Speaking of sauces reminds me—here's one to brush over broiling steaks, chops or chicken. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sauterne or claret, the same of salad oil and 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Now add a large onion minced or grated, a clove of garlic crushed, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of pepper. Dash of cayenne and a pinch of thyme or marjoram to improve matters. Let stand several hours for the flavors to mingle. Apply frequently as the meat cooks—and don't be stingy with it.

I like a happy ending to a book. Especially a bank book.

Memory Lane: I'm thinking of an old-fashioned, homey kitchen: a braided rug in front of the Happy Thought, a kettle singing on the stove and a full woodbox beside it, a red-checked cloth spread cater-corner on the table, pots and pans and a tiny, sweet-smelling spice cupboard on the wall, a few cane bottom chairs and a rocker in a cozy corner, rose geranium slips on the windowsill, and Mother in a gingham apron stirring up a gingerbread.

Funny, with all the absent-minded people in the world you never meet one who forgets to cash your cheque.

Quick trick: Instead of patting patties, toss seasoned hamburger meat on a floured board, dust with more flour and flatten with a rolling pin. Cut with a biscuit cutter.

Friend of mine sometimes adds thinly sliced bananas to her bran muffin batter. Idea.

An old cookbook lists the wooden ware considered necessary in the kitchen of a small family. Thus: Table, wash bench, wash tubs (three sizes), wash board, skirt board, bosom board, bread board, towel roll, potato masher, wooden spoons, clothes stick, flour barrel cover, flour sieve, chopping bowl, soap bowl, pails. Etc. That, Maggie, was a little before you and I were young. In the good (?) old days.

Maybe nobody can tell you and you can't learn from books just exactly how much seasoning to use. But, goodness me, you've got a palate, haven't you—and a spoon to lick?

I hope you still like turnips.

Your Valentine table has the New Look—Gibson Girlish. Hearts-and-flowers is the theme and sentiment the sentiment.

Slick chick: For six savory pie servings, melt a tablespoonful of butter, add two of flour; blend. Stir in now a cupful of milk and the liquid from a can of chicken noodle soup. Cook, stirring, until thick, then stir into a well-beaten egg. Dump in the noodles and chicken plus $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of diced, cooked or canned chicken meat; turn into a casserole; cover with biscuit dough. Bake—hot oven, 20 minutes. A quickie. And better than four-and-twenty blackbirds.

If I were addicted to advising the young, I'd suggest a little practice in your mother's kitchen before beginning to sweat it out in your own.

To braise, my dear Julia, means to brown meat—or vegetables—in a little hot fat, then add a very little liquid and cook, covered, in a slow oven or top stove over low heat. Use for less tender cuts.

Ever try a snippet of herbs—sage, marjoram, thyme—in an omelet? Time you did.

You haven't stopped sending parcels overseas, now that Christmas is past and there isn't another Princess getting married. Now have you?

As a youngster, 'way back (I shan't tell you how far), I loved the stories my father used to tell me—stories about the old days and the old ways and

the folks he knew when he was a stripling. Especially about Old Uncle Andrew who married my great (or was she my great-great?) Aunt Elinor. Now Old Uncle Andrew had an old school tie and much learning, but he was a martinet and a queer 'un. And he had a past as full of wild oats as a poppy is full of seeds. He was a Black Sheep, which made him a fascinating character to me. Whatever was in that little tin box he always carried? It stayed by his bedside at night and went with him every day to school where he whaled the tar out of the boys and scared the daylight out of all the girls as he hammered larnin' into them. Nobody knew what was inside. Nobody ever did know, for one day it disappeared completely and very soon afterward Old Uncle Andrew quietly gave up the ghost.

Better than a better mousetrap for bringing the world to your door is the knack of stirring up a melt-in-the-mouth fudge cake. Or a first-rate apple pie.

Yes, Edna, a flat metal sheet is the ticket for cooking cookies. Most conducive to their good complexion.

Got your hands on a package of jelly powder, lemon flavored? Dissolve in one cupful of boiling water; add one of cold, then chill until it begins to thicken. Beat until very light and now fold in a cupful of whipping cream whipped fairly stiff. Next add a cupful of shredded coconut and pour into a mold. Serve chilled and unmolded with fresh-frozen strawberries. Austerity, where is thy sting!

Dress a pumpkin pie with swirls of meringue and sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle. What if it is painting the lily!

There was a time when I owned three railroads, half a dozen houses and lots, some public utilities and a grand hotel. But I got into difficulties—and into the poorhouse—mortgaged my property and ended broke. That was when we played Monopoly—remember?

Serve tongue hot boiled. And saucily. With tomato, mustard, raisin or horse-radish sauce.

Split finger rolls, spread with cream cheese, then with marmalade. Toast. Teatime pass-around.

What I'd ask of the postwar world is a gadget to defrost the living room windows. Or better, one to defrost February.



Tea Time

This lovely tea-cloth set, of finest white Irish linen, uses a broad band of grapes, leaves and stems. It's stamped ready for fine cross-stitch embroidery in two tones of purple, two of green. No. 160C.

TO ORDER: No. 160C, cloth (45-inch) and four serviettes, \$5.00; cottons for working, 70 cents. Additional serviettes, 25 cents each. Address Marie Le Cerf, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

\$100.00 for Best Recipe
FREE VOUCHER TO ALL!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: For three hundred and sixty four days of the year, I can be quite the practical housewife. Come February, one look at the "14th" and I'm finished. Done. The day brings wistful memories of the school Valentine box loaded to the brim with pretty sentiments. Which brings to mind Valentine parties—and the "eats" that accompany them. Here in the test kitchens I've been having fun creating heart-shaped cakes with icing "rosettes", sentimental red jelly hearts with cream cheese frills (done with a pastry tube—which no kitchen "lab" should be without). A Saint Valentine's party can't be too fussy—it's a time to go all out for really decorative, tasty food.

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO:

**Barbara Sheriff,
195 Glengarry Avenue, Toronto, Ontario**

who is the winner of the \$100.00 October prize for an extremely delightful dish using York Frosted Rhubarb. I'm sure you will all want to add it to your "favourite recipe" collection. Here it is:

YORK FROSTED RHUBARB CONSERVE

1 package York Frosted Rhubarb	3 whole cloves
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	dash of mace
1 cup granulated sugar	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 stick cinnamon (1")	

Sprinkle the rhubarb with the salt. Let stand for a few minutes. Add all the remaining ingredients, put in a lightly-greased 2-quart casserole. Bake uncovered in a fairly hot (400°F) oven for 20 minutes, stirring twice during baking. Serve cold with hot muffins or toast.

This conserve would also be delightful with cold meats at a buffet supper party—at afternoon tea with tiny hot corn muffins. It could be made up and kept in small jars in the refrigerator.

THIS MONTH WE OFFER ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe using

MAPLE LEAF CHEESE

There are five delightful flavours of Maple Leaf Cheese from which to choose—Canadian, Pimiento, Relish, Nutty and Nippy.

Just send me your "pet" recipe. There's a \$100.00 prize for the woman (or man) who submits the best!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO. Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's for $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Maple Leaf Cheese (any flavour.)

WE DO STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the first prize—NO LABELS WANTED—but we promise only ONE voucher per person.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as the FREE Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, FEBRUARY 29th, 1948. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my May magazine column.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

SOMETHING NEW? Lemon juice in apple pie filling is an idea. A few drops in the pastry dough will carry out the theme!

HEARTS 'N' FLOWERS: Tiny lace paper doilies punched in the centre with coloured toothpicks topped with multi-coloured gumdrops and tied at the back with streamers of baby satin ribbon make novel Valentine party favours—little pasteboards tied on, turn them into place-cards—if you wish.

CHEESE is the big item for Lenten dishes. Proteins, you know. Grated cheese gives a lift to omelets...cheese and apples make a wonderful dessert...cheese is sheer magic in a white sauce for vegetables...get the idea?

FAMILY FARE: Tried and true rice pudding gets an extra "hurrah" with dried bananas substituting for the usual raisins.

SPECIAL COMPANY STUFF: To impress that man, try chicken this way—dip breasts or legs in milk, then fairly highly seasoned flour, then beaten egg, and last, fine bread or cracker crumbs. Fry in well-greased skillet to a golden brown. Yams and green peas are indicated for this noble feast!

FROM A READER: York Frosted Foods bring "summer in winter"—and Mother is especially appreciative of the time and effort saved. Thank you!

DISCOVERY DEPT. Maple Leaf Mince-meat goes like all get-out. If you can hide some—add it to pastry dough about half and half. Mix well with a sprinkle of sugar. Drop by spoonsful on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven—I could eat a dozen right now!

So neighbours, I leave you to get back to my Valentine doings. Hope to hear from you soon with your favourite recipe using Maple Leaf Cheese. Just remember to post your letter on or before midnight, February 29th, 1948. Cheerio for now.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

Maxy Was No Super-Bird

Continued from page 20

education at my lectures last week, and I don't mind spending money for such a worthy cause. I want Eddy to be a happy musician."

"It's very generous of Gertrude," stated mother sourly, and she whispered to me consolingly: "I'll try to save enough money for your bike, honey, don't worry."

"How long will I have to keep on learning so much?" I asked her in despair. "Oh, I wish I was a dog. Rusty has an easy life. I wouldn't even mind being a canary like Maxy, because he doesn't have to learn anything. Beulah doesn't have to study either. Everybody is happy but me."

"Gertrude will get hold of them sooner or later," sighed mother. "No one around here is safe from education any more."

MOTHER PROVED right. A few days later, as I sullenly kicked open the front door on my way to practice, Rusty greeted me with an aggressive bark.

Instead of circling around me, wagging his tail, he leaped up roughly, put his paws on my shoulders and bared his white teeth. I thought it a good joke at first and laughed, but when Rusty didn't change his hostile attitude I began to feel a little frightened.

"Uncle Matt," I yelled, "come quickly. Rusty has gone completely nuts."

Uncle Matt hurried into the hall and said comfortingly, "Don't worry, Eddy. It's all right. It's just your Aunt Gertrude again. She read somewhere that a dog, like a human being, must be well trained or it will feel maladjusted and develop kinks in its character. She decided to give Rusty an education. He now attends a special school for police dogs. Not that we need a trained police dog, but Gertrude wants a real education for everybody, even for Rusty. She doesn't like the fool tricks dogs usually know. She drives Rusty to his training every morning and goes through it with him as it does not cost extra money. Gertrude will be a good police woman soon. She's very talented, she says." Rusty growled loudly at this moment.

"Well," comforted Uncle Matt, "don't be so ambitious, you've a talent too." And to me, "He's really only a beginner yet, but he's already lost his confidence in human beings, as you can see. That happens to everybody who works with the police. I don't think that he really wants to harm you, Eddy. Good old Rusty is only practicing one of the manoeuvres he learned in school this morning. There is nothing personal

implied. He tried the same tactics on me when he came home from school."

Rusty's educated paws were still on my shoulders and he growled alarmingly.

"Get down, Rusty," I cried. "Can't you see it's just me—Eddy?" But the dog had learned his lesson well and wasn't moved by the disclosure of my identity.

"Don't be afraid," said Uncle Matt reassuringly, "he won't hurt you as long as you don't budge. I just have to say a simple word to him and he'll lie down right away. That's the whole idea of the training."

"Say it quickly then," I implored between chattering teeth.

"That's just the trouble," Uncle Matt replied, "Gertrude told me the word that stops him, but I forgot it. She goes to school with him, not I. But I'll remember it soon, so don't worry. Let's just relax for a while and then it will come to me. If you try too hard to remember something you never will. Gertrude and I learned that from Hindu philosophy. Never mind if the Hindus let me down, Gertrude won't. She'll be back from her night class in two hours or so."

While Rusty held his threatening pose, while I tried my best to appear brave and while Uncle Matt relaxed, I was kept entertained with details about Rusty's education: "When the training is completed Rusty will only arrest burglars. They have already taught him not to bother about delivery boys or people who bring something to the house. But apparently he has not yet reached the lesson which explains about people who neither deliver nor take something away. You're a problem to Rusty—"

"But I don't like being a problem," I cried.

"I didn't appreciate being one either," he reflected, "Rusty doesn't seem to understand what I'm doing in this

house. He suspects my intentions too—Hi, now I remember the key word. Just because I didn't try to think of it, it came to me. Those old Hindus are good."

He yelled the magic word and Rusty was transformed into a civilian at once. He frisked around happily, apparently glad to be his good-natured self again.

"Beulah!" I shouted, "what kind of pie have you got?"

No answer from the kitchen, and Uncle Matt reported sadly: "Beulah is gone for good. It's Gertrude again. She sent Beulah to a domestic science school and she got herself a much better job in a restaurant when she had finished the training. She cried a lot when she left, but it wouldn't have been fair to keep such a highly trained cook in an ordinary home."

"I wish Aunt Gertrude had children of her own," I burst out suddenly. "I wish she had lots of them. One to learn

Evening at Home

By HAROLD APPLEBAUM

When we have lived a lifetime, you and I,
And time no longer harries us with fears
Of Not-enough or All-too-soon; when eyes
No longer fill with visions or with tears
To answer youthful dreaming; when the breath
Of grey finality confirms what gains
We've made—I will reveal what early deaths
You led me past, down what courageous lanes
You drew my heart. Because of you I sing
Instead of speaking, dream instead of sleep.
Through every day my thoughts of beauty ring
With overtones of you. Tonight I keep
My silence and consider Love—and smile
To see it add new meaning all the while.

the piano, another to learn the cello, a third one to get the highest marks in school and a fourth—"

"That would do," answered Uncle Matt, his eyes shining. "It would be fun. Maybe it would have been good for her to have children, and I love kids." "Then I could deliver papers and have a bike," I cried.

"It's really pretty tough on you," he agreed. "Maybe I could teach you something else while you're here..."

"No, I don't want to learn anything more," I protested.

"It wouldn't be exactly learning," he promised. "It's something I like myself; it's a card game called poker."

At first I wasn't very excited about the game, but after a few evenings I got the hang of it and had a wonderful time with Uncle Matt. He waited for me anxiously every Tuesday and Friday. He didn't study any more and I didn't touch the piano or the cello. Playing hooky gave us a grand feeling of elation. Rusty dozed peacefully on the rug beside the fireplace. Maxy, the canary, looked on and said, "Cheep," now and then.

GOOD TIMES never seem to last. After a while my music teachers complained to Aunt Gertrude that I wasn't making any progress although Uncle Matt assured them that I was working hard. When Gertrude asked me sternly why I wasn't learning properly, I looked around embarrassed, trying to think of an excuse. My eyes fell on Maxy's cage and I had a brain wave.

"Nobody could work with that bird around," I moaned. "His constant cheeping is enough to drive one nuts and he's always out of tune."

"That's silly," said Uncle Matt. "Maxy hardly cheeps at all and he never sings, in tune or out. Leave him alone."

Aunt Gertrude considered the matter carefully. "Eddy's right," she decided at last. "Maxy is nothing but a moron and he's naturally distracting to an eager musical student. His training has been neglected. I wonder whether even a little bird couldn't be full of frustrations if he's allowed to go on just saying 'Cheep.'"

"Now she's going to improve you too, Maxy," nodded Uncle Matt sadly to the little yellow bird with the two black spots on his breast. They both looked at me reproachfully.

"This lie was a dirty trick," I told myself guiltily.

As expected, Aunt Gertrude provided herself with literature about the care of canaries. She bought a flute which Uncle Matt dutifully trilled in front of Maxy's cage. According to the instructions, the bird was supposed to imitate the instrument and burst into glad song.

But Maxy had not read the book and had no idea what was going on. Instead of singing he turned his little head to one side and gazed at Uncle Matt enquiringly. Undoubtedly he didn't like the sound of the flute. After a few minutes of patient listening he pronounced his rather bored judgment: "Cheep."

"We will have to try a different method," said Aunt Gertrude who had observed the bird's responses carefully. "According to the book, Maxy seems to be slightly subnormal. The book says that special instruction is necessary in such cases. I've heard about a man who is a wizard at training problem canaries. He has a brand-new technique. Uses an organ, I was told. Anyway, he gets

amazing results. I wish I had the time to take Maxy to him myself. You'll have to take him for me."

Tuesday evening Uncle Matt and I drove Maxy to the canary school which was in the back of a pet shop. We found ourselves in a strange place. At first we didn't see or hear much of the feathered students because they were already asleep in their covered cages. The friendly teacher had a beard and an accent. The training of canaries was not so much a business with him, he told us, but more a mission in life. He had invented a toy organ, and he explained how effective it was in inducing the birds to sing.

"The more intelligent sing at the top of their lungs whenever they hear it," he assured us. Then he awakened some of his best students and introduced them.

"These little fellows have progressed beyond the organ stage," he explained. "They're really graduates. They'll sing at a word of command from me." The bearded professor stamped his foot and the whole sleepy-eyed yellow row warbled in harmonious unison from their vibrating perches. Then he introduced the soloists. It was amazing.

When he saw how much we admired the performance he asked: "Which bird would you like to buy?" Uncle Matt started. He had been so impressed with the canary conservatory that he had completely forgotten to inform the teacher about the object of our visit.

"Cheep," said Maxy at this moment as if to remind us of his presence. I had hidden him in a small cage under my coat and the professor hadn't noticed him. Perhaps his "Cheep" was a criticism of the canary concert he had just heard. It didn't sound like applause anyway, and the offended artists answered with an excited "Cheep." Soon all the other canaries which had been asleep in their covered cages woke up and joined in the protest chorus: "Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!"

THE PROFESSOR who had been so amiable grew furious. "Get out of here with that bird of yours!" he shouted. "Do you come to spoil my business? Canaries have to sing and not to cheep. If just one starts cheeping the very best singer will cheep with him. They all want to cheep and not to sing. A cheep is highly contagious and if a bird starts cheeping he's lost for the world because he won't sing any more."

"Cheep, cheep, cheep," chorused all the canaries with Maxy as their new leader.

The teacher hurriedly covered them all up and spoke soothing words to them. Once they were calm again, he said more agreeably: "Canaries are strange creatures. They learn bad manners much more quickly than good ones."

"That's not strange at all," commented Uncle Matt, "I didn't know that they were so human."

"I'll have a tough time with them in school tomorrow, I'm afraid," the teacher went on. "This visit of yours has given us a great setback."

"I want you to teach my bird too," suggested Uncle Matt timidly, trying to introduce him to Maxy.

The man gave Maxy a scornful glance and got mad again: "Are you crazy?" he asked. "This bird is too old to learn."

"But we like him," said Uncle Matt firmly.



JEAN KENT



Interviewed in her dressing room between shootings of the J. Arthur Rank Production "Good Time Girl", bewitching Jean Kent said, "Kleenex is the only tissue for me ... it's so soft, so white, and so convenient. That's why—"

Kleenex* Tissues on my Dressing Table are a Must*

Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue box. Assures cleanliness and convenience. No waste! No mess! Simply pull one Kleenex tissue and up pops the next, ready for use.

Three sizes—Chubby, Hanky and Man's



"SOFTER"
Says Hazel Court*

Kleenex is made from Cellucotton absorbent wadding—downy soft—5 times more absorbent than cotton ... kind to tender noses and the most delicate skins.



"WHITER"
Says Valerie Hobson*

Kleenex is now processed to pure white in ultra-modern Canadian mill; comes in patented, sealed package to assure you tissues that are absolutely hygienic.

*Currently starring in J. Arthur Rank Productions

"STRONGER"
Says Rosamund John*



Each single ply of Kleenex tissue is heavier and stronger than ordinary tissues. Every pull is double ply, giving you extra strength and extra absorbency.

*T.M. Reg.

KLEENEX—CHOICE OF 9 OUT OF 10 CANADIANS

"I like animals myself and especially birds and most of all canaries—They always look like coming out of the Lord's hand. So clean, so yellow, always so young—I won't hurt your feelings, but I have to say that your bird is nothing but an inveterate cheeper and that's the worst you can say about a canary, believe me."

"There is no age limit in learning," said Uncle Matt stoutly, quoting his wife's favorite proverb from force of habit. "Nobody is too old or too young to learn. This bird is my wife's pet and she's determined that he'll learn something. He will sing if you're patient."

"Cheep, cheep," chirped the birds hearing the human voices.

Again the teacher calmed them down, moaning, "This bird has spoiled my good business." Then he and Uncle Matt talked in whispers for a while. I didn't hear what they were saying as I had my hands full with Maxy who was in a highly excitable state by this time. When we finally left the place Maxy was left behind and Uncle Matt put a bill into the teacher's hand.

"Maxy has been accepted in school at last," Uncle informed me afterward.

Aunt Gertrude was very pleased with the news of Maxy's enrolment. "He'll be a happier and healthier bird when he comes back," she said. "Maybe he'll even win a prize in the competition. It would be fun to have a champion canary. I feel sure that there is a real eagerness to learn in everybody, even in a small canary."

Uncle Matt and I glanced at each other slyly. A real bond of understanding existed between us. Neither of us had ever felt a twinge of this eagerness.

"I would love to visit Maxy and watch his progress," concluded Gertrude, "but of course I'm too busy with other educational matters. Please go and see him often, Matt. The poor little darling will feel homesick, I know."

We didn't obey this order, for Uncle Matt claimed that Maxy would be too tired and too involved in his studies to have visitors. The professor was afraid that outside influences would be distracting.

Instead of going to the canary school he taught me to ride a bike in a little side street. "If we get Gertrude in a good mood, perhaps she'll relent about the bike after all," he said.

After a few weeks Gertrude became impatient to have Maxy at home. She urged us to get him that very day.

The canary professor was in an excellent mood this time. He had Maxy ready for us in a little cage.

"Did he learn much?" I asked.

The teacher laughed proudly: "This bird is one of the best singers I ever had. I'm proud of him. He's a fine fellow."

"Maybe he'll be a champion in singing?" I asked.

"I wouldn't be surprised," answered the expert and I thought excitedly: "If Maxy proves to be that good, perhaps Aunt Gertrude will be pleased enough to buy me the bike."

AUNT GERTRUDE was waiting for us. My hands shaking a little with anticipation, I put Maxy into his old cage. To our delight he started singing right away. And what a beautiful voice, what a variety of canary tunes!

"Amazing," said Gertrude, her eyes shining. "We'll send him to the next song contest. I feel sure Maxy will make it.

We really did him a big favor. Listen, how happy he sounds. He trills so gaily only because he has learned the value of knowledge. Imagine, Eddy, how happy you'll feel about your cello when you've mastered it. Perhaps you'll also be in the news one day as a musician. I'll be proud of you and of Maxy too. But I must run off now. My night school—"

After she had left I continued to stare at the singing bird.

"Uncle Matt," I cried out suddenly, "come here and look. Maxy has lost the two black spots he had on his breast."

"Holy Moses," exclaimed Uncle Matt, "thanks for reminding me, Eddy. I forgot about those spots entirely. If Gertrude hadn't been in her usual hurry she would have noticed it." He took the bird out of the cage and carefully decorated its breast with two daubs of India ink.

"It's okay?" he asked me. "Can you remember just exactly where Maxy had his spots? Gertrude has a trained memory and it will be pretty hard to fool her."

I started to cry: "This bird is not Maxy, it's another canary. Did the professor kill our Maxy because he couldn't learn to sing?"

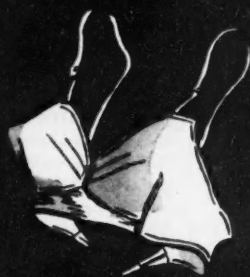
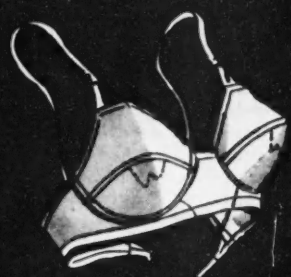
Uncle Matt put the bird back in the cage and said softly: "You don't have to worry about Maxy, kid. Of course, this bird here is not Maxy. He's the best singer from the school. I bought him to make Gertrude happy and to keep peace. He wouldn't dream of cheeping, he doesn't even know how to. He's the right bird for Gertrude's ambitions. But Maxy is all right. We found a good home for him with people who like him the way he is, whether he's a singer or a cheeper. He'll be able to cheep to his heart's content there. Maxy is too old to learn and he always lacked ambition. There are different kinds of birds in this world and it's not always the feathers that make the difference. Some birds want to show off and be champions, but others simply hate to be bothered. They sense that there is enough noise in the world without any contribution from them. I think they're just as smart as the ones which sing and chatter so much, but Gertrude doesn't appreciate them at all. She only believes in super-birds. That's the trouble with her. Maxy is no super-bird. Nor am I. I don't think that you'll be one either, Eddy, even though Gertrude has set her heart on it. You'll disappoint her as I did, I'm afraid, but we ordinary birds can be happy too."

I didn't understand Uncle Matt's homely philosophy. I was only intent on my own problem: "Will she buy me a bike?" I asked eagerly.

"I'll try to persuade her," he promised and finished thoughtfully, "maybe life would be nicer if there weren't so many super birds around and more simple fellows without big ambitions—But go and practice on your cello or your teacher will complain again and you'll never get that bike. I'll get on with my work too—upstairs where I can't hear you so well."

As I drew the first complaining notes from my giant cello the marvel canary suddenly stopped short in his full-throated song. He looked at me with his bright beady black eyes. He really looked like Maxy now. Then he opened his bill wide and uttered a pained and disgusted: "Cheep."

He never sang again. He cheeped. +



not nature's gift but the

flexaire
lift

The bra that lifts you buoyantly. feels free as air.

The bra that gives curves soft, new loveliness!

by FLEXEES • WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS



BEFORE
you do
this

do this



Dishes... light laundry... any household task coarsens the delicate beauty of hands. Trushay's unique *beforehand* protection guards against this kind of hand damage. Special Trushay ingredients form a film over skin tissues... hands are shielded even from the effects of hot, soapy water. Certainly—use Trushay afterwards, too, like any other lotion. Just a few drops of thrifty Trushay smoothed on hands after your everyday tasks completes effective skin-beautifying care. Use

Trushay also to bring new softness to neck, elbows, knees... as a fragrant all-over body rub, a clinging powder base. Begin today to use Trushay.



TRUSHAY
the *Beforehand* Lotion

Make this simple test: Smooth a few drops of Trushay on your hands. Now wash them with soap and water... then dry. Now rub your hands together... feel the soft, satiny smoothness that remains. Note that Trushay's fragrance is still there, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

How the Institute Cooks Pork

Continued from page 29

required, add one to two tablespoonfuls of lard or bacon drippings to the pan.

Season the chops with salt and pepper. Add a small amount (about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cupful) of liquid—and this may be water, tomato sauce, tomato juice or canned vegetable juices. Cover the pan, turn heat very low and continue cooking for 35 to 40 minutes, depending on the thickness of the meat. This covered cooking may be done in the oven at 325 degrees F. But put the browned chops and liquid in a covered casserole for the oven cooking.

Roast pork loin with spicy apples is good to eat as well as look upon (just gaze at our illustration!). For this, select four pounds of roast loin of pork and have your butcher saw the back bone so it's nearly free of the roast. Place roast fat side up, in open roasting pan. Rub with salt and pepper. As soon as the oven temperature is 350 degrees F. put in the roast. Cook for 30 minutes per pound, or until a meat thermometer previously placed in the centre of the meat registers 185 degrees F. Serve on hot platter garnished with spiced crab apples. Or dig down in the apple barrel and make some cinnamon-flavored apples while the roast cooks.

For rosy spiced apples, make a syrup of two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of water; add two sticks of cinnamon and let cook for four to five minutes. Add enough red fruit coloring to make a clear red color. Peel and core apples, then put into syrup. Simmer very gently until apples are tender and rosy. Let cool in syrup or serve hot. Save the syrup for another pork dinner or use it to make rosy apples for a Valentine salad.

Gravy for the roast is to some folks as much a part of the dinner as the meat.

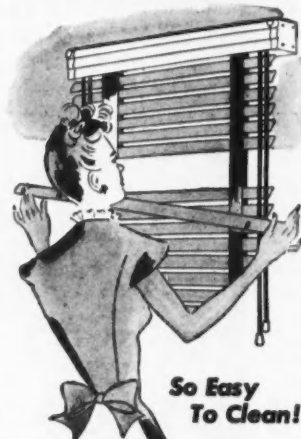
For perfect gravy, first put the roasting pan on a low rack of the oven so the drippings will be well browned.

When the roast is cooked there'll be fat as well as drippings in the pan. You may not need all the fat, so after you have lifted out the roast and the rack, pour off the fat into a bowl, being careful to leave the brown juices in the pan. Measure the amount of fat you'll need (allow 2 tablespoonfuls of fat for each cupful of gravy) into the roasting pan. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour for each cupful of gravy. Mix fat and flour together until smooth, season with salt and pepper, then gradually pour in lukewarm water (1 cupful for each cupful of gravy) Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. The secret for dark satin-smooth gravy is: brown drippings; correct proportions of fat, flour and water; and steady stirring.

Roast Pork For Sunday Dinner

Canned French Onion Soup
Roast Loin of Pork with
Spicy Apples
Fluffy Mashed Potatoes
Slivered Beets and Celery
Cabbage, Carrot and Raisin Salad
Lemon Snow Pudding
Beverage

HEES NEW VENETIAN BLIND with Removable Slats



So Easy To Clean!
Here's a newly designed Hees Venetian Blind with slats that can be easily removed for cleaning. Just remove the slats without dismantling the blinds—so simple, so easy. Made with steel, wood or aluminum slats for blinds up to 67" in width.

Write for illustrated folder.
SOLD BY LEADING HOUSE FURNISHINGS
STORES AND INTERIOR DECORATORS

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
GEO. H. HEES SON & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - MONTREAL V-2



Elegance at ease
is exemplified in the confidence
fashionable women everywhere
place in those Bob Pins,
Hairpins, Pins, Safety Pins
and needles which comprise

**Kirby
Beard**
TRADE MARK
Specialities



Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham 18

Forecast for Tomorrow

Continued from page 19

"He can't come over tonight. He was going to bring his sax and I was going to play my cornet. We were going to have a nice quiet evening, see? Now he can't come."

"That shakes me to the marrow," Nell said, "but go on—"

"He's gotta meet his babe at the drug-store."

"His what?"

"That's what the man said," Jeff replied. "Don't you get it? His woman."

"Dear me," Nell said. "I didn't know that Jiggy had a girl."

"Sure, he's going steady."

"Since when?"

"Oh, sometime last week. Her name's Eloise," Jeff said glumly. He strolled to the kitchen and Nell was relieved to see that his break with Jiggy hadn't interfered with his appetite. His spirits revived after seven cookies, a glass of milk, a large apple, and with the last quarter of a banana he became communicative.

"This girl just moved to town, see? Way out on Humphrey St."

"What's she like?" Nell asked.

Jeff looked down at her with a right-

eous expression.

Nell still had not

been able to accus-

tom herself to the

fact that Jeff tower-

ed above her.

"What Jiggy sees

in her, I don't know.

No girl has any

sense till she's over

20 and some of them

never get any. It

just costs twice as

much to take a girl

to the movies. Me

—I go alone. I go

twice to Jiggy's

once, see?"

"Well, I'm glad

you have sense

enough to see that,"

Nell said. "I think

Jiggy's far too

young to start run-

ning around with

girls." She was

rather pleased with

this remark. It

sounded like good motherly propaganda

offered in an indirect manner.

"The girls in this town—" Jeff

shrugged with the air of a man of the

world who was sated with all feminine

society.

Nell screwed up her courage and told

him about the dance. He took it more

philosophically than she had expected,

simply standing first on one foot and

then on the other with a look of deep

despair and disappointment on his face.

"Jeepers, Mom. Friday night.

Wasted. Doing what? I ask you. Doing

what?"

"It'll be a lovely dance, Jeff, and you

know Miriam is an awfully nice girl."

He wandered away, a silent grim

figure.

"Boys," said Nell helplessly to Mr.

Ganz who had wandered into the kitchen

with a pail, "I just don't understand

them. I honestly don't know what to

make of them."

"They're no trouble at that age," Mr.

Ganz said mournfully. "Just wait a

while till he gets bitten by the girl bug. Then your troubles begin. I know, I've had five."

"Girls?" Nell asked respectfully, rather impressed that so wispy a gentleman as Mr. Ganz showed such irresistibility to women.

"Boys," Mr. Ganz promptly disillusioned her. "My first boy was just fine till he got him a girl. They start running around to these here dances and things and then where are you? Just where are you?" With this vague statement he disappeared, leaving Nell with an uneasy thought.

Perhaps she was wrong to tell Leta that Jeff would go. She might be deliberately shoving him into the clutches of some girl at too tender an age.

When Dan came home Nell said: "In a way it's tragic. He and Jiggy have been inseparable for so long. He's going to be simply lost."

"He'll probably find a girl of his own," Dan said. "Then you'll have troubles; the influence of women leads to all sorts of things such as balancing a teacup on your lap and embezzlement and such like."

"Embezzlement!" Nell echoed.

"Sure. Remember how I used to take you out for ice cream after Sunday school. That," said Dan solemnly, "was

my Sunday school collection. I've been squaring it with my conscience ever since. See what I mean?"

"Well, for goodness sake, I hope it's a long way in the future before he starts thinking of girls. The way he runs off with half my money now is terrible. What it would be like then I hate to think. But seriously, Dan, you've simply got to help me to get him to that party. Leta Graham is one of my best friends and I'm not going to have her insulted. I don't know what's the matter with him anyway. When I

was a girl boys liked to go to dances and things—"

"That's what you think," Dan said. "Look, sugar, where do you keep left-over pie?"

"If there's any left it's in the usual place," Nell said. "Now just what do you mean by that last remark?"

"I just mean that human nature doesn't change in two generations," Dan observed over a mouthful of pie. "He'll snap out of it. You oughtn't to force him to do things like that."

"When I don't make him do things," Nell wailed, "you say I'm not firm enough. And now that I've decided to be firm I'm wrong again."

"You'll learn in time," Dan said amicably. "I have hopes for you. But you see you're inconsistent. If you're going to make him into a social lion he'll naturally be thrown with girls, eventually just girl."

NELL HAD failed to gauge either Jeff's resistance to his prospective social



It's "wake-up-and-live" for my family

since our Doctor advised this laxative-antacid for sluggishness

"Give them Phillips' whenever they over-indulge or eat something that disagrees with them," our Doctor said. And I've never forgotten the advice.

Last night they suffered from stomach upset. But look at them this morning! They slept soundly. And they awoke to really gentle, thorough relief from

sluggishness—thanks to Phillips'.

Be prepared! Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia today. Ask for the economical 50¢ size; it contains three times as much as the 25¢ bottle. Phillips' is also available in easy-to-carry tablet form; 25¢ a box, less than a penny a tablet. Get Phillips' today.

Overnight Phillips' works these two wonderful ways:

- 1 As an acid stomach alkaliizer, Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective known.
- 2 As a laxative, gentle Phillips' can be taken any time without thought of embarrassing urgency.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
Liquid or Tablets



When Your Little One Catches Cold

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of children's colds is warming Vicks VapoRub. Results are so good because VapoRub starts to work instantly! It penetrates to upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors . . . stimulates chest and back surfaces like a soothing poultice. And it keeps up this penetrating-stimulating action for hours to bring relief while the child sleeps! It's no wonder that most mothers use Vicks VapoRub.



AT BEDTIME rub throat, chest, back with Vicks VapoRub. Relief-bringing action starts to work at once to relieve distress.



WORKS WHILE CHILD SLEEPS to bring relief during the night. Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone! Try it tonight!

VICKS

VAPORUB

Campana's Italian Balm



Thousands of smartly-dressed women who are proud of their well-groomed hands choose Campana's Italian Balm above all others. Try it yourself. A drop or two of this fine, richer, more concentrated lotion is sufficient for both hands. Start using it now—stay with it all winter.

**SO GOOD FOR
CHAPPED
AND DRY
HANDS**

Campana's Italian Balm

The original
SKIN
SOFTENER
still selling
for
25¢
35¢
50¢
1.00

career or his ingenuity. Guilelessly he permitted the week to float by. Nell felt that she should have been warned by the lack of storm signals.

Thursday night they began to show. "Now get your hair cut right after school," she told him.

"No can do," Jeff said briefly. He turned his pockets inside out expressively.

"I'll give you the money," Nell said hastily, "although you know well enough you're supposed to get your hair cut out of your allowance."

"This party," said Jeff, pushing his hands deep in the now restored pockets. "I can't go. I have no shoes."

"You have a perfectly good pair of shoes," Nell said firmly. "You haven't had them on half a dozen times this winter."

"Honest, Mom, they're too short. You can't expect a fellow to squeeze his feet into little old shoes and then dance, can you?"

"Then we'll get a new pair," Nell said. "So that takes care of that. Although I don't believe there's a thing wrong with the ones you have."

Jeff looked injured.

"Come here and let me look at you." Nell led him to the window. "Just as I thought. Bring a washcloth."

Standing on tiptoe she scrubbed his face thoroughly. "Seventeen," she said, "and can't wash your own face."

"Purely disinclination, Mom," he grinned engagingly. He pulled out from under her administration. "Gotta get to school."

Nell called after him. "You come right home from school now and we'll get new shoes and a haircut."

Something, reputedly a detention, delayed him after school, but he did achieve the haircut.

"I feel like a rag," Nell told Dan on Friday night. "We

had to rush down for shoes. What I've been through! But at least he's ready to go. Shoes, haircut, clean shirt," she itemized on her fingers. She glanced at the clock. "Only three hours to go."

Jeff managed a hearty dinner, three helpings of roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, six slices of bread, three glasses of milk, two helpings of pudding and a large slab of chocolate cake. "A fellow's got to live," he protested when Nell moved the rest of the cake out of reach. "I feel as though I'd hardly had anything."

"You go and have your bath," she told him.

"Bath!" he exclaimed in grieved tones as though the camel's back were bending under the last straw. "I had a bath last week."

"You should be ashamed of yourself. I have a bath every day."

"Gee, you must be dirty," Jeff said patronizingly.

Nell presently realized that the bath water had long since ceased running and a curious silence ensued. There was none of the banging or slamming that ordinarily accompanied Jeff's most minor

activities. Grimly she climbed the stairs. Jeff's bedroom was dark and she switched on the light. He was stretched out on the bed in a comfortable attitude, his eyes closed.

"It's time you were ready, Jeff," she said.

There was no reply, no flicker of an eyelid. She shook him by the shoulder. "Time to get ready, Jeff."

He said in a weak voice: "I'm sick, Mom. It musta been something I et."

"Ate," said Nell. "Where are you sick?"

"Gee," said Jeff, "all over and to my stomach."

Nell brought the thermometer and popped it into his mouth. He seemed barely strong enough to part his teeth. She withdrew the thermometer and pursed her lips.

"I don't care," she said with one eye on the thermometer, "if you're coming down with leprosy, you're going to that party. Up you get." She called to Dan, "You drive him and see that he goes right in the door."

SHE ALMOST succumbed when Jeff came downstairs. He looked so forlorn. His head seemed so small set on the breadth of shoulder and there was a tiny little wisp of hair that stood up from the crown of his head in spite of her efforts with the hairbrush. Something about him made her think of the time when he lost his first tooth, the look of bewilderment at the disintegration of a hitherto completely equipped physique. It was almost as though she had betrayed him.

"He went in," Dan reported on his return, "like Sidney Carton to the guillotine. Poor kid," he added.

Nell bolstered herself up. "He needs to learn a few of the ordinary social graces. It'll do him good."

Maybe, she pondered, Dan was right about not forcing him into this kind of thing. Perhaps it would make him into an antisocial misfit.

At 12 Nell went to bed. Perhaps Jeff hadn't felt well after all. She turned over in bed. Possibly at this moment he was having a chill. She turned over again.

At 12.30 Dan came to bed. At one o'clock Nell said, "Dan," in a whisper. "What is it?"

"You don't suppose, Dan, that he'd get really interested in some girl, do you? I want him to have a good time and everything, but after all, he's too young for that kind of thing. If I felt that I'd encouraged it by making him go to this dance, Mr. Ganz said—"

"Shucks," Dan said, "the time passes quickly. Probably had to take some girl home and maybe he was unlucky enough to draw one that lived away out somewhere. I remember being stuck that way myself once and after paying the taxi I hadn't enough carfare to get back. I had to walk."

"But for heaven's sake, you don't suppose," she said with sudden alarm, "that a girl would do that to Jeff, do

Flightiness Preferred

By MAY RICHSTONE



If she looks sensible,
Don't be misled;
Don't put too much faith
In her level head.

If she were sensible,
Wouldn't she pray,
Have more sense
Than to look that way!

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE!

ARE YOU ONLY HALF-SAFE?



Does YOUR deodorant really kill odor instantly, safely, surely—stop perspiration? Or are you gambling with your popularity?

ARE YOUR CLOTHES ONLY HALF-SAFE?

Some deodorants rot fabrics, others do not stop the perspiration which stains clothes. Do you risk spoiling a favorite dress?



IS YOUR SKIN ONLY HALF-SAFE?



Some deodorants may seriously irritate underarm skin. Are you taking chances? Is YOUR deodorant gentle, antiseptic, safe?

BE ARRID-SAFE

Get this 3-way protection

1. Arrid really protects you from offending. Kills perspiration odor instantly, safely, surely, and keeps you safe by antiseptic action.
2. Arrid is really safe for clothes—greaseless, stainless. Stops perspiration, so prevents stains and odor on clothes.
3. Arrid is really safe for your skin. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream. Does not irritate. More nurses use Arrid than any other deodorant.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid safe.
Use Arrid—to be sure! 15¢, 39¢, 59¢

**NO OTHER deodorant
STOPS PERSPIRATION and ODOR
so COMPLETELY yet so SAFELY**



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

LOVALON, simple and quick to use after a shampoo, does these 4 things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Brings out lustrous highlights.
2. Adds a rich, natural tint to hair.
3. Rinses away shampoo or soap film.
4. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach—merely tints the hair as it rinses. Comes in 12 flattering shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ and 15¢ sizes



you? I'd hate to think that a girl like that would get hold of him. Any really nice girl ought to have enough sense to find out how a boy is fixed."

"Well, this one didn't," said Dan.

"Of all the callous things. You never mentioned it before."

"No," said Dan.

"I'd like to tell a girl like that a thing or two. Who was she?"

"Surely you haven't forgotten where you lived and where I lived," Dan said. "My courtship could practically be measured in half soles."

"Oh," said Nell weakly.

Half an hour later Nell was sitting on her side of the bed. Dan was sitting on his side with his shoes on when Butch raised his voice in a howl.

"Thank heavens," said Nell. There were loud sounds from the lower hall and then a cupboard door banged. "There goes the rest of the cake," Nell muttered. Then she called, "Jeff, where in the world have you been?"

He appeared in the doorway, munching. "Am I beat! Had to take a girl home—" He disappeared with a groan.

NELL WAKENED with a start to another Saturday. It wasn't the alarm that had wakened her. It was a noise like a clattering steer which she recognized as Jeff's descent of the stairs. She peered at the clock.

The first noise was followed by the clank of a tin can on the cellar floor. She found him eventually on his hands and knees on the front porch floor.

"What are you doing?" Nell gasped. "Cleaning the porch floor," Jeff observed cheerfully. "I have," he went on, "kept it in mind all week."

"How was the party?" Nell anxiously inspected his color.

"Gee, we had a rare old time."

His complexion looked normal and his voice was really exuberant. Her alarm subsided.

From breakfast Jeff drifted outside and presently she saw him perched on the kitchen window sill and the slosh of water followed. Amiably he grinned, "How!" holding up the chamois in salute.

Then he was in the basement again, and Nell stood at the top of the steps "What are you up to?"

"Cleaning my shoes. They got a bit scuffy last night."

"What's that you're using?" Nell asked suspiciously.

"This?" Jeff looked surprised. "Some old rag I found in the clothes chute."

"That," said Nell, "is one of my bath towels." This touch of normality was reassuring.

From lunch Jeff gravitated to the telephone. He held a long conversation. "Yes, Jiggy," "No, Jiggy." There were several acrimonious exchanges and a final "Sez you."

Goodness, Nell thought, he and Jiggy are off again.

He reappeared in the kitchen. "Mom, is there lots of hot water?"

"I think so," Nell said. "What now?"

"Just going to toddle up and have my bath. I like it plenty full."

"Another bath!" Nell gasped.

"That's what the man said."

"Why, you just had one last night."

"Is there any law against having another?" Jeff observed in an injured tone.

He reappeared bathed, his hair combed, his costume complete, with tie.

Continued on page 57

"I'll have you know I earned this hat!"

Bob: I think your hat's a knockout—smart—chic—strictly Dache! But the price... Wow!

Betty: As the other wage earner in this home isn't it fair enough for me to splurge once in a while?

Bob: Absolutely, my pet! But the way we've been spending lately makes me worry about the future.

Betty: Are you suggesting an austerity program?

Bob: Hardly, but I think we should revise our budget so that we take care of the future first.

Betty: And how, pray, can we do that?

Bob: First, we give our life insurance priority in our budget. The rest of our income will take care of other needs—plus a few frivolities, like your hats.

Betty: But those life insurance payments seem to put such a strain on our budget.

Bob: It's worth it! That money protects you now. And someday it will make us independent. Besides, when you quit your job and have a house and kids, we'll need this protection even more!

Betty: You're so right, darling! Let's revise our budget now. Got a pencil?



Life Insurance Woman's Way to Independence

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their agents

You've never tasted such flavour!



There's a world of difference between Shirriff's Lushus and ordinary jelly desserts. Lushus flavours are superb! Fresh as new-picked fruit! Lively as red-ripe strawberries, juicy oranges or tangy cherries! And there's a reason. Inside the package, the liquid flavour is sealed air-tight inside the flavour "Bud". Its richness simply cannot evaporate or fade. It retains its lively, sparkling freshness till you make the jelly. So remember—the "Bud" flavoured kind is Shirriff's Lushus.



COFFEE COCOANUT

Lushus Whip

Dissolve 1 package of Lemon Lushus in 1½ cups boiling water.

Add 1 cup average strength coffee.

Chill until it begins to set, then whip until light and frothy.

Stir in ½ cup shredded, dried cocoanut.

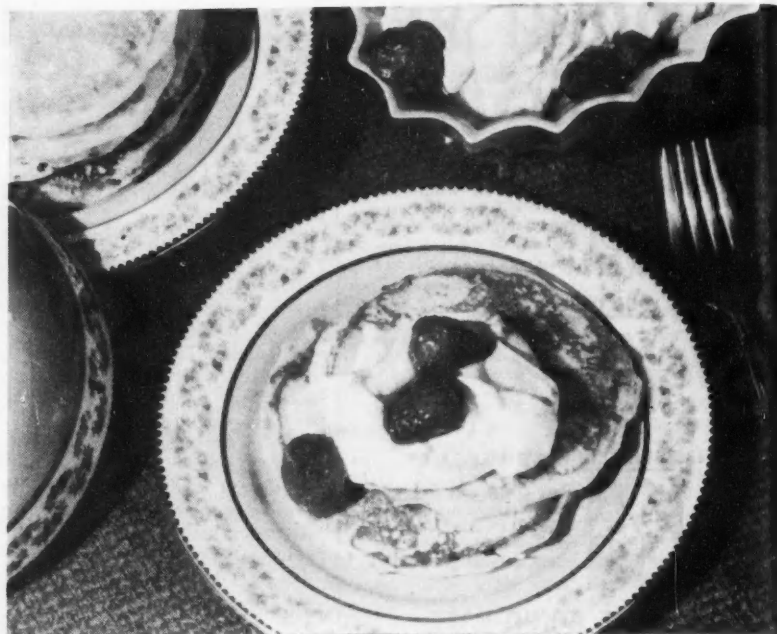
Pour into mold or sherbet glasses. Chill until firm.

Unmold and sprinkle with cocoanut.

It's the
"Bud" flavoured
kind!



SHIRRIFF'S Lushus
JELLY DESSERT
A "BUD" FLAVOURED PRODUCT



Creamed cheese and sweetened berries make a delicious topping for this attractive dessert.

Simple Steps to Perfect Pancakes

by Jacqueline Roy

PRACTICALLY everyone likes pancakes. Their browned-just-right flavor has something to do with it, of course. So does the fact that they are one of the most inexpensive luncheon dishes you can serve. They do duty as a substantial meal, too, and have a way with meat that makes it go twice as far.

If you're one of those busy people who have a thousand and one things to do in a day, you'll appreciate the convenience of ready-mixed pancake flour. Just add liquid and you have your batter in short order. This neat trick cuts preparation down to as much as one-third the usual time. For best results, be sure to follow the instructions on the package.

Pancakes are as versatile as a quick-change artist. They're most often featured as a main dish, but with a change of dress they make a grand meat accompaniment or a dessert that's fancy enough to go to parties.

It's easy to make perfect pancakes if you follow these simple steps:

1. Measure the ingredients carefully—all measurements should be level.
2. Stir only until the flour is moistened. Overstirring makes a less tender pancake. The little lumps in the batter will come out in baking.
3. Be sure the griddle or heavy frying pan is the correct temperature. It is just hot enough when a drop of water will bounce for a second before evaporating, or when a spoonful of batter will brown on one side in one minute.
4. Grease the griddle or frying pan very lightly, using an unsalted fat. Pan-

cakes will not stick to a griddle that has been properly seasoned. To season a griddle, cover it with a thin layer of unsalted fat or oil; heat the griddle until the fat begins to smoke; turn off the heat and let the griddle stand overnight. Remove excess fat before baking the pancakes. Never scour a griddle without seasoning it again.

5. Pour the batter for each pancake on the griddle quickly, using a pitcher or a ladlelike spoon. Spread the batter out lightly to the desired size with the back of a spoon.
6. Turn the pancakes only once. Bake on the first side until the cakes are covered with bubbles and the edges look dry. Turn the cakes and bake them until brown on the other side. Don't pat the cakes or turn them more than once.
7. A last word: serve them "hot off the griddle." Stacking the cakes and letting them stand tends to make them soggy.

Basic Pancake Recipe

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening

Put the griddle or heavy frying pan over very low heat to prewarm. Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the baking powder and salt into a mixing bowl. Add the sugar. Combine



Cake in a Jiffy with Tilbest Cake Mix

Quick . . . Convenient . . . Economical

JUST ADD WATER

To the Tilbest Mix . . . no other ingredients to buy or fuss with.

MIX

One bowl and spoon to wash up . . . another saving in time and effort.

BAKE

Five minutes from Tilbest package to oven—result: the grandest cake you ever tasted—foolproof—delicious every time!

Tilbest Quick Mix favorites:

White Cake—Spice Cake—Chocolate Cake
Gingerbread—Pie Crust
Tea Biscuit—Quick Muffin—Corn Muffin
Waffle—Doughnut—Cookie Mix

Tilbest

Ask for it at your Grocers!

These fluffy, economical pancakes can take their place with sophisticated fare or fit into simple meals with equal ease.

the beaten egg, milk and melted shortening, and add all at once to the dry ingredients. Stir gently until the flour is just moistened. Pour the batter from a pitcher onto the hot griddle and spread the cakes lightly with the back of a spoon into the desired size. Cook on one side until the top is puffed and full of bubbles and the underside is golden brown. Turn, and cook on the other side until it is also golden brown. Keep the griddle heat constant during baking. Serve immediately. Yield: 14 four-inch pancakes.

Enriched Ready-mix Pancakes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of pancake ready-mix
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- 2 1/4 Cupfuls of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening

Put the griddle or heavy frying pan over very low heat to prewarm. Measure the ready-mix into a mixing bowl. Combine the beaten egg, milk and melted shortening and pour into the ready-mix. Stir lightly until the flour is just moistened. Pour the batter from a pitcher onto the hot griddle and spread the cakes lightly with the back of a spoon into the desired size. Cook on one side until the top is puffed and full of bubbles, and the underside is golden brown. Turn, and cook on the other side until it is golden brown too. Keep the griddle heat constant during baking. Serve immediately. Yield: 14 to 16 medium-sized pancakes.

For the Main Course

Corn Pancakes: Fold 1 cupful of drained, cooked corn into the pancake recipe before baking. Serve with syrup or creamed meat.

Ham Pancakes: Fold 1 cupful of finely diced or ground ham into the batter before baking. Serve with raisin sauce or syrup.

For Dessert

Apple Spice Pancakes: Fold 1 cupful of chopped, raw apple into the recipe before baking. Serve with cinnamon sugar, or a topping of cream cheese and sweetened fruit.

Mincemeat Pancakes: Fold 3/8 to 1 cupful of mincemeat into the pancake recipe before baking. Serve with hot syrup, spiced honey or ice cream.

Pancake Accompaniments

Spiced Honey: In the top of a double boiler, heat 1 cupful of honey, 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and 1/2 teaspoonful of ground nutmeg. Stir well and serve hot.

Cinnamon Sugar: Combine 1/2 cupful of granulated sugar and 1/2 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Sprinkle over the hot pancakes.

Snow-cap Topping: Beat 2 table-spoonfuls of cream into a three-ounce package of cream cheese. Put a mound of cheese on each serving of pancakes, sprinkle with sugar and top with a few berries (fresh, frozen or canned). ♦

Relax

WHILE YOU IRON WITH THE NEW...

Canadian Beauty "Featherlite" AUTOMATIC

GETS IRONING DONE FASTER WITH LESS FATIGUE

Precision Heat Selector
6 Fabric Positions on "easy-read" dial gives full range of ironing temperatures. Finger-tip control. "Off" position saves plug pulling.

"Even-Heat" for safety
Specially designed element heats aluminum-alloy sole plate evenly at all temperatures.

"Featherlite" reduces fatigue
Weighs less than 3 pounds. Takes the arm strain out of ironing. No need to bear down—the controlled heat does the work.

No Lifting! Non-Tipping!
When arranging work you simply rock the iron back to upright position. Extra broad heel stand prevents iron from falling over. Even if you accidentally drop it, the sturdy in-built qualities of this iron protect it against shock, vibration, bumps! Insulated handle and top assure comfort when ironing. Attached cord is high on the iron—out of the way.

FULLY GUARANTEED
The Canadian Beauty guarantee, signed by your dealer, accompanies the iron you buy. See the new Canadian Beauty Automatic Iron at your Hardware, Department, Furniture or Appliance store now.

Manufactured in Canada by
RENFREW ELECTRIC AND REFRIGERATOR CO. LIMITED — RENFREW, ONTARIO

Spode

DINNERWARE

Gainsborough

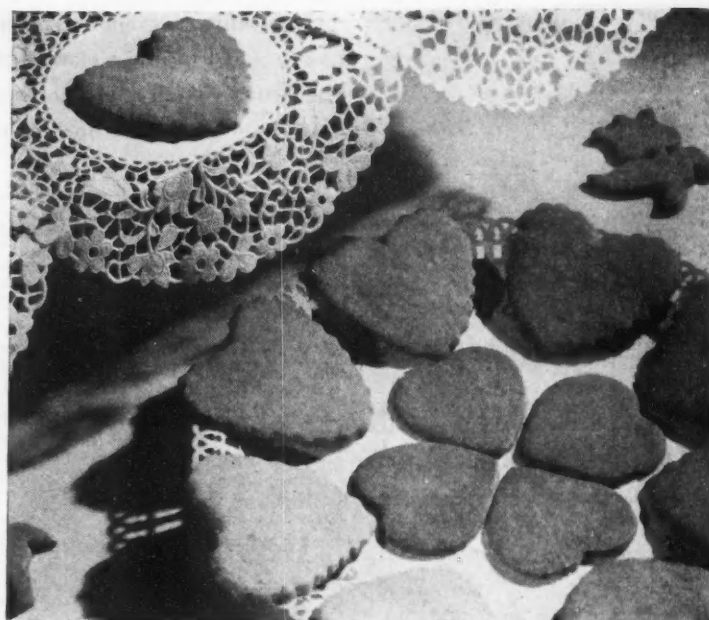
Like an old master, this floral bouquet is alive with freshness and color. Hand-painted in typical Spode design of the early 1800's, Gainsborough has a beauty you'll cherish for years. Look for it at your dealer's . . . and ask him for your copy of "How to Take Care of Spode."

Wholesale Distributors
Copeland & Duncan, Ltd.
 222 Bay Street, Toronto

Meals of the Month

FEBRUARY

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SUN 1	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Salmon on Toast Turnip Sticks Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Braised Carrots Parsley Potatoes Lemon Sherbet Cookies Tea
MON 2	Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Coffee Tea	Pork and Beans Shredded Cabbage Salad Brown Rolls Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Boiled Onions Butterscotch Pudding Cream Coffee Tea
TUE 3	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Rolls Marmalade Coffee Tea	Mixed Vegetable Juices Chicken and Rice Croquettes Mushroom Soup Sauce Carrot and Raisin Salad Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Chops Chili Sauce Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Ice Cream Coffee Spice Cake Tea
WED 4	Stewed Figs Cereal Grilled Bacon Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Tomato Jelly on Shredded Cabbage Apple and Prune Compote Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Fish and Chips Tartare Sauce Green Beans Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 5	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Vegetables on Toast Carrot Sticks Canned Pears Date Oat Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Pan-fried Potatoes Sliced Pickled Beets Floating Island Coffee Tea
FRI 6	Vegetable Juice Cereal Toasted Wholewheat Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Devised Egg Salad Rolls Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Whitefish Parsley Potatoes Mashed Turnips Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 7	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Apple Juice Scalloped Corn Parsnip Sticks Canned Berries Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Grilled Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Layer Cake Orange Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 8	Citrus Fruit Juice Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Tea	Peanut Butter and Marmalade Sandwich Coleslaw Canned Fruit Graham Wafers Tea Cocoa	Roast Pork Candied Apple Rings Mashed Potatoes Peas and Carrots Date Cream Pie Coffee Tea
MON 9	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Grilled Bacon Creamed Cabbage Beet Relish Steamed Pudding Butterscotch Sauce Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Baked Potatoes Green Beans Apple Betty Coffee Tea
TUE 10	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Pancakes with Honey Carrot Sticks Fruited Starch Cream Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Peas Stuffed Baked Apples Coffee Tea
WED 11	Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Coffee Tea	Tomato Bouillon Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Turnip Wedges Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Hot Devilled Eggs with Mustard Sauce Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Braised Carrots Coffee Tea
THU 12	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Sliced Cold Meats Cabbage Slaw Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Country Sausage Applesauce Parsley Potatoes Baked Custard with Orange Sections Coffee Tea
FRI 13	Half Grapefruit Cereal Whole-wheat Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Carrot and Raisin Salad Almond Tapioca Pudding Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Finnan Haddie Baked Potatoes Peach Upside-down Cake with Cream Coffee Tea
SAT 14	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Cabbage and Apple Salad Sliced Bananas Cream Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Baked Stuffed Heart Mashed Potatoes Turnip Cubes Butterscotch Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
SUN 15	Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Coffee Tea	Hot Potato Salad in Bologna Cups Raw Parsnip Fingers Muffins Jellied Fruits Tea Cocoa	Short Ribs of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Glazed Carrots Ice Cream Coffee Spice Cake Tea
MON 16	Mixed Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Tea	Cottage Cheese and Jelly Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Apple Compote Spice Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Hot Consommé Cold Roast Beef Lyonnais Potatoes Creamed Onions Open-face Fruit Pie Coffee Tea
TUE 17	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamy Eggs on Toast Turnip Sticks Canned Cherries Date Cookies Tea Cocoa	Braised Spare Ribs Ketchup Baked Potatoes Rice Custard Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 18	Apple Juice Cereal Fresh Coffee Cake Conserve Coffee Tea	Creamed Mushrooms and Peas on Toast Cabbage and Carrot Salad Cornmeal Muffins Tea Cocoa	Fried Whitefish Tartare Sauce Riced Potatoes Mashed Turnips Steamed Cherry Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 19	Citrus Fruit Juices Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Cheese Fondue Tomato Jelly Raw Parsnip Sticks Raspberry Rennet Pudding Sugar Cookies Tea Cocoa	Boiled Wieners Mustard Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Canned Pears Chocolate Layer Cake Coffee Tea



Fancy-shaped cookies add a party touch to any occasion. Easy to make too, if you get out your special cutters and use your favorite sugar cookie recipe. Or you can make unusual shapes, such as spring flowers, chickens and figures, by tracing them on heavy cardboard, then cutting them out. Place the cardboard pattern on the rolled dough and cut around it with the point of a sharp knife. For realistic effects, a little pure vegetable coloring can be added to the dough before rolling it out: green for the leaves, pink, yellow, etc. for the flowers.

Stuffed Pork Chops and Roast Pork are two fit-for-a-king dishes you'll be proud to serve for dinner any day. Recipes for them are given in the article, "How The Institute Cooks Pork," on Page 29.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 20	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Tea	Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce Shredded Cabbage and Date Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Haddock Baked in Milk Oven-fried Potatoes Beets Vinaigrette Apple Betty Ginger Cookies Coffee Tea
SAT 21	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Carrot and Raisin Salad Chocolate Cake Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Parsley Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Fruit Cobbler Coffee Tea
SUN 22	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Potato and Egg Salad Sliced Dill Pickles Toasted Muffins Canned Berries Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Consommé Baked Cottage Roll Jellied Horse-radish Stuffed Potatoes Cabbage Spanish Cream Tea
MON 23	Raw Apple Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Noodle Ring with Creamed Vegetables Cabbage and Onion Salad Sliced Bananas Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Baked Potatoes Maple-Raisin Soufflé Cup Cakes Coffee Tea
TUE 24	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Turnip Fingers Crackers Johnny Cake Tea	Mock Duck Brown Gravy Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Glazed Carrots Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea
WED 25	Vegetable Juices Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Boston Baked Beans Brown Bread Carrot Sticks Prune Tapioca Pudding Tea Cocoa	Spanish Omelet Lyonnais Potatoes Green Beans Sliced Orange and Bananas White Cake Tea
THU 26	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Shredded Cabbage and Apple Salad Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Oven-cooked Round Steak Boiled Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Fig Gingerbread Fig Sauce Tea
FRI 27	Half Grapefruit Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Crackers Apple Wedges Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Baked Salmon Loaf Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Fruit Sauce Tea
SAT 28	Stewed Prunes Cereal Fresh Coffee Bun Coffee Tea	Tomato Casserole Grilled Bacon Cabbage Wedges Rolls Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Pastry Topping Creamed Potatoes Mashed Turnips Brownies Tea
SUN 29	Tomato Juice Cereal Fried Egg Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Split Pea Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Turnip Sticks Canned Fruit Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Baked Stuffed Onions Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Sponge Cake Coffee Tea



FUSSY PEOPLE use FOOD-SAVER to preserve all perishables. Even delicate greens keep garden-fresh in this pure, heavy Waxed Paper. Keeps sandwiches temptingly soft. Prevents dryness and odor taint in icebox. FOOD-SAVER is pure white, pliable, easy to fold. Made in Canada and sold everywhere. Insist on genuine FOOD-SAVER in the green box with convenient metal cutting edge.

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED
Hamilton Toronto Montreal

*Food-Saver is a registered name.



***Food-Saver**
HEAVY
WAXED PAPER
IN ITS PUREST, MOST CONVENIENT FORM

Forecast for Tomorrow

Continued from page 53

"Look, Mom, how about some scratch?"
Nell said: "Speak English."

"You know, wampum, cross the palm with silver. Isn't this allowance day?"
He bestowed the money carefully in the leather wallet that he had been saving since last Christmas. "Look, Mom," he said, "you know that Eloise McKay? She's not a bad bit of stuff, see? Not bad at all."

"Oh. You mean Jiggsy's girl?"
"Jiggsy's girl nothing. That's all over. She was at Miriam's party." He added dreamily, "Look, woman, is it all right if I don't come home for dinner? Gotta date." He twitched open her apron strings, ruffled her hair and offered his cheek for a brief peck.

Why, Nell thought, he's going to be just like Dan. And who could ask for more than that?

SHE THOUGHT it again when she saw Dan coming in loaded down with the little extras that he always brought in on a Saturday afternoon. There was something inexpressibly dear about the tiny little stoop to his shoulders, the way he plodded so firmly. "Where's the boy? I got tickets for the hockey game tonight." He looked boyishly eager.

"Oh, Dan," Nell hated so much to quench the spirit in his face, "he's gone out. But darling, it's simply wonderful. He's got himself a girl."

"Pardon me," Dan said, "But I thought that was the eventuality that was turning you grey."

"But listen, Dan, he cleaned his shoes, he took a bath, he went out properly dressed. He helped me all morning—I didn't even have to ask him. Why, it's simply heavenly. I had no idea it would be like this. The only thing that bothers me is that for 17 years I've slaved and failed at something that another woman can accomplish with a flick of the finger in one evening. I'm just a complete failure."

Dan seemed to be taking it philosophically. "It's just human nature, sugar. He'll be in again, won't he? We could still get to the game."

"No can do," said Nell. "He's gotta meet his babe in the drugstore."

"What?"
"The drugstore." Nell sat down feeling utterly relaxed. "At least," she concluded happily, "that's what the man said." +



...to Monogram Decorative Crystal. So smart... so thrifty. Stunning open stock designs.

MONOGRAM
Decorative Crystal

at better stores everywhere



There's Quick Comfort in a cup

OF TENDER LEAF TEA

The world looks brighter from behind a steaming cup of this finer tea. Famous for flavor—and the name, "Tender Leaf", tells you why. It's the young, tender leaves that are richest in tea flavor. At your grocer's, in convenient size packages... and in "filter-type" tea balls... no specks; every cup crystal clear.



"WHERE SMART PEOPLE GATHER"



Virginia Ovals

Where smart people gather
Virginia Ovals assure good taste.



ARE YOU TIRED, DULL, HALF-SICK FROM Constipation?

Get Prompt, Pleasing
Relief From NR Tablets . . .
All-Vegetable Laxative

Feel awful? Headache? Tired? Constipation may be the cause. Nature's Remedy, ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, is a simple, dependable way to get relief. Just take it at night with a full glass of water, and you will feel much better and brighter in the morning. With Nature's Remedy you can regulate the dose so it is just right for you. If you need only a small amount of medicine, use NR Juniors, made specially one-third the usual dose. If you need more laxative, use Regular NR Tablets. Both are thorough, and are compounded to produce as near to normal action as possible.

Regular NR comes in both plain and chocolate coated tablets. NR Juniors, in chocolate coated only. Get this simple, effective all-vegetable remedy today — use as directed. You will be well pleased with results. 10c and 25c sizes.



NR

Nature's Remedy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
NR - TABLETS - NR

Take NR
tonight -
Tomorrow
abright

Would You Be Hired

Continued from page 26

think you are, you'll add up two important debit items against that pretty picture. Both come from the Bureau of Statistics. **Item A.** There are today more girls entered in commercial and business courses in Canada than there ever have been before. **Item B.** Employment of girls and women in this country reached an all-time peak in 1943. It has been slowly declining ever since. And the business world is first to mirror general conditions across the country. More workers coming up, fewer jobs to be had. It won't take 20 questions to guess what girls are going to get the good ones. That's putting it in terms of cold figures. Let's get personal about it.

Employment heads in two big agencies—both of them women who have specialized for many years in placing business girls—made identical points at separate interviews. "The employer is beginning to choose his office workers again, instead of the other way round. The experienced, well-trained girl is still in great demand, and can get the best salary she ever had. But the pinch is beginning to be felt where it always is—by the beginner. The girl just out of school can't do anything about experience—it must be achieved. But she can present the best credentials for getting a chance: her graduation certificate from a good school."

And one head of a large Canadian organization put it bluntly to Chatelaine. "I'm not running a finishing school for half-baked typists. I don't want girls coming here to practice on us and our customers. The business machine is tightening up all along the line. After all, the girls who write our letters and meet the public for us are our show window—our only real contact with thousands of our customers. As soon as we can pick and choose, there'll be lots of changes."

What should you take in your course? If you're going to Commercial High, your studies will be pretty well laid out for you. Get all the extras you can without crowding your basic studies. Often it is the girl who has a knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting, or who can handle some special type of office equipment along with her skill in shorthand and typing, who slips into the next job up, when it comes along. If you live in a city, you will attend your district high. If you're coming into town to go to school, you might not be off the beam in checking on the commercial high schools, through employment agencies and personnel heads in big organizations.

If you're going to a business college, be sure it is a well-accredited one. You can check on graduates and what kind of jobs they have.

Salaries and promotions. You'll start at probably \$18 to \$20 a week, and as an experienced stenographer average about \$25 to \$30 a week. If you're secretarial material you can look forward to more than that, with increases as you make yourself more valuable.

What will distinguish you, as a top private secretary or office manager, from the junior stenographer? You'll be better and more fully trained, of course.

You'll like them better
with tangy
LEA & PERRINS
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



FISH



GRAVY



TOMATO JUICE



MEAT

You can taste the difference—for Lea & Perrins is the original, fine old English Worcestershire sauce. A few drops adds marvellous zest to meats, fish, gravies, baked beans, tomato juice and many other dishes.

THE PERFECT SEASONING
FOR OVER 100 YEARS
Made in Worcester, England



I HATE TO
CLEAN TOILETS!



You don't have to, lady—that's a job for Gillett's Lye. All you have to do is shake in Gillett's Lye full-strength . . . flush . . . the job's done! Ugly stains, incrustations vanish—bowl is gleaming—clean and odorless. It's easy as that!

Gillett's Lye makes short work of all household clean-up jobs. Cuts through grease-clogged drains—keeps them running free.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats water.



But here are four levels of achievement in business and commercial fields, as suggested by an industrial psychologist from this Chatelaine discussion.

Level One (Routine typist): Simple routine work, some clerical side lines. Required—ability to take orders and to reach certain mechanical dexterity. You might get by with a year or two of high school, and your salary won't go much above \$20 a week.

Level Two (Stenographer): Filing, record keeping, stenography and shorthand. You need to be 10% above average in intelligence, have verbal ability, good spelling, grammar, sound punctuation, and an eye for detail. You should be fairly good at statistics, be able to operate office machines and have a flair for elementary bookkeeping, mathematics.

Level Three (Secretarial): To come up to this one you should be 20% above average in intelligence and verbal ability. Trustworthy in taking dictation, with ability to organize verbal material and write a letter without repeating yourself. You will need to have plenty on the personality side, too; possess initiative, good manners and be well-balanced.

Level Four (Office manager, executive): Outstandingly above average in intelligence and training, administrative ability, capacity to take responsibility for big jobs. For a woman a peculiar requirement here is to be able to co-operate, and even appear to work on equal terms, with the men under your direction, while really being in charge. To further—rather than just maintain—good relationships, and to delegate details of your work wisely to others rather than attempt to carry everything yourself. Co-ordinate departments, plan ahead and develop, rather than simply maintain, your company's or your own business.

Where will you look for a job? Start as close to home as possible. Many placement people believe you'll learn more and faster, in a small office setup. You'll have a chance to try your hand at everything. Could be, in that big chromium-plated organization with all its bowling leagues, cafeteria facilities and what-not, you'll get lost (temporarily, anyway) in one of those long rows of peas-in-a-pod desks. On the other hand there are more staff changes, and chances for advancement, in a large firm. So you decide for yourself.

Best salaries are paid, on the whole, in the large cities. Statistics show highest wages for your kind of work go, in this order, to Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec office employees. The 10 biggest businesses in Canada (lumber, paper, steel, etc.) pay the highest wages. Of course, there are other considerations. That old nagging cost of living manages to rise in proportion to the size of the city. Be forewarned.

Another thing. You're not going into a business office with the idea of finding the all-important diamond tied to your typewriter. If you are, your work will suffer and your chances at matrimony diminish. You know how a man pales under the all-out domestic come-on in a girl's eye. But naturally you have the idea in the back of your head. Statistics show (for your guidance) that a third of the girls who go into offices are married within five years after they start work—keeping the average age of workers at

about 27 years. But the bigger the city the fewer the chances to marry, proportionately speaking. More men live in rural and small town areas. As a matter of fact, there are six males for every seven females in Canadian cities of over 30,000 population.

Be sure, if you're leaving home to work, to write the YWCA in the city you're going to, about getting a room. Even if your job is all set. It's dandy to accept Aunt Minnie's kindness for a few days (of course you wouldn't descend on relatives or friends without an invitation) but unless she really wants to rent a room, get something lined up before you make the move.

How do you look? So you're trained and ready to apply for your first job. Please dress properly. A simple dark dress with white touches (W-H-I-T-E, not three-day-old off-white) or a dark suit with spotless blouse, simple business shoes that look as though you could walk across a floor quickly without toppling over, and stockings. Wear a simple hat if possible, and see that your seams and hemlines are straight and your clothes cleaned and pressed and mended. Do your hair simply and tone down nail polish and lipstick from the dynamite variety to something more workaday. See that your skirt covers your knees and isn't too long to walk easily in.

We're not trying to deglamourize you. But remember, the employer is looking for an efficient working part to add to his office machinery (no matter how invaluable you may become as a Person later). He wants neither a night club partner nor an adorable tousled teenager. If you haven't clothes like these, surely someone in the family or a friend will help you with them for your tryout. If we sound maiden-auntish, it's just that we're passing on the heart-felt pleas of employment heads everywhere. Confidentially, Canadian girls looking for jobs haven't too good a reputation for tidy dressing.

Use a deodorant. So often the girl who has never needed one is so nervous and upset both when she's applying for a job and in those first days at work, that she *does* need one then. (This directly from an old hand in the employment business.) Never mind those desire-me perfumes. The well-soaped smell, with maybe a simple cologne, has a higher rating than an exotic aura.

"Any executive would rather have a healthy, pleasant, clean-looking girl than a glamour puss," said one personnel head.

Mental and physical health have become big points in the employer's mind these last few years. He has learned what an important part they play in the smooth functioning of his office. One executive had this to say, "Once I pass on a girl's qualifications, I like to know what she eats and what her hobbies are. I'm not nosy—I've just found that the worker who puts a cigarette-soft drink lunch on top of a coffee breakfast doesn't last the day out for my money."

Would you be hired? Probably—and we know you don't have to worry about a lot of these fine points this month or even this year. We're taking a long squint into the future, with the help of some important government statistics and the predictions of a good many people who are in the business of forecasting employment trends. They get ready for what's next. Maybe you'd be wise to, too. ♦

Parents—here's hopeful news about Rheumatic Fever

1. The disease is causing fewer deaths!

The mortality from rheumatic fever among children has dropped over two thirds in this country during the past 30 years. However, this disease is still childhood's great enemy because it attacks the heart.

Fortunately today most rheumatic fever patients, thanks to earlier diagnosis and good medical and nursing care, may escape serious damage to their hearts and lead normal, active lives.



2. More cases are being caught early!

As more parents learn the signs that may mean rheumatic fever—and as more children have periodic medical examinations—an increasing number of cases are being diagnosed in the early stages, when medical science can do most to protect the child's heart.

Rheumatic fever often has no distinctive symptoms, but such conditions as pain in the joints, continued low fever, loss of weight, poor appetite, or a generally "below par" feeling should have immediate medical attention.



3. Recovery is still a slow process!

Effective treatment for rheumatic fever usually requires rest in bed under a doctor's care. A long convalescence is generally necessary to protect the heart and to help it return to normal.

This is the time when parents can do much to help the child by seeing that he is kept occupied and in a cheerful frame of mind. As recovery progresses the doctor will guide the parents in gradually increasing the child's activities.



4. Children can be protected against further attacks!

As rheumatic fever often attacks more than once, it is necessary to guard against a return of the disease. Frequent checkups by a doctor are often helpful in preventing new attacks.

Just as important is the parents' co-operation with the doctor. Working as a team they can help protect the child from throat and respiratory infections which often pave the way for rheumatic fever. Good food, plenty of rest, and maintaining a good physical condition are also important safeguards.



Medical science is constantly working to increase its knowledge of rheumatic fever. For further helpful information about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet 28-L, "About Rheumatic Fever."

**Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

New York

Frederick H. Ecker, Leroy A. Lincoln,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD PRESIDENT

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Please send me a copy of your booklet 28-L, "About Rheumatic Fever."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Province.....



Get **FASTER** Medicated Relief!

Do your hands look red, feel raw and rough from wintry weather? Then smooth on Noxzema and see how quickly this *medicated* formula helps heal the soreness, softens and whitens red, rough skin.

Professional people, whose hospital work is hard on hands, have long relied on this snow-white, greaseless

cream. They know the Noxzema medication brings relief — often overnight — to chapped, irritated skin. You can feel it heal! It's an excellent protective powder base and night cream, too.

Get Noxzema now—at any drug or dept. store; 39¢, 59¢, \$1.25.



NOXZEMA

are happy with

Maytag

Over 5 Million Maytags have been sold... far more than any other washer!

My Love Must be a Mantle

Continued from page 32

soon. That's where everything's going to be happening for the next five years. I don't want to miss it."

"Don't worry," she said. "If someone were to explode a firecracker in Timbuctoo, you'd be there... if only so that you could explain to them how wrong it was." She buried her fingers into the grass, clutching at the soft stems. "What about your degree?"

He was leaning back against the tree trunk, his face mottled by a criss-cross pattern of shadows, and now he closed his eyes. For a minute she thought that he was sleeping. She found her own tenseness, by comparison, contemptible and wished, passionately, to be as casual as he was. Finally he muttered, "A mere scrap of paper. I can buy one of the same size and quality anywhere for 50 cents." Then he opened his eyes and looked at her with something like surprise on his face. "Don't tell me you think that's important."

She stood up. "I'm sure I don't know. Being sure is your department."

He ignored the pin scratch, closing his eyes again lazily, lolling against the tree trunk. "We'll have a whale of a time," he said. "A pearl in every oyster..."

"We?" she said.

"Yeah, sure. Why not?"

Why not, indeed? Because, she wanted to scream at him, he had succeeded once more in making her feel unimportant, insignificant... didn't he even, in his overwhelming generosity, think it necessary to ask her whether she wanted to go. Was his smugness so tremendous... did he actually think he could throw a proposal to her like pap to a child... and expect her to suck at it contentedly?

She turned to leave him without a word when she saw David, standing on the sidewalk, forlornly watching them. She knew a wild gratitude to him for always being where she wanted him. "David!" she called.

"Amy," Emery said softly. "Don't go."

Her rage broke, then, through her reserve. "Why not?" she gritted at him through her teeth. "How could you possibly know the difference? In another minute some other girl will come along. You'll never know there's been a substitution."

As she ran from him, over the grass, toward David, she could imagine Emery's face. But she did not turn back. He would be laughing, and she could not stand to know that he was laughing at her...

THE PAST escaped her, flying before a sharp gust of wind, and she wondered how long she had stood there silent, but there was nothing on the bearded man's face before her that suggested there was anything wrong. He was still smiling at her, but her mood of intimacy with him was gone. Memory was still stronger within her than the present, and when she spoke, there was an edge, thin as ice, to her voice. "Well, Emery, have you changed the world?"

As he opened the door he smiled down at her. "On the contrary, the world has changed me." The smile caught her up, coaxed a smile from her in return, in spite of herself. She had forgotten how thoroughly Emery did everything, so

that he seemed always to be entirely concentrated on each pin point of time, giving himself up to it, drawing others with him into the same charmed circle.

They stood facing the empty auditorium, the unfilled seats staring back at them like so many eyes. "Cozy little joint," said Emery. "Let's go back-stage."

They found their way into the dusty wings, their feet clattering grotesquely in the echoing building. After fumbling around behind some old scenery, Emery found a folding chair and opened it for her, dust streaking from it onto his dark coat. She watched him silently, conscious of the racket he was making. When he had the chair ready for her, she said half petulantly, "I don't think you've changed at all. You were always pushing me down somewhere so that you could talk to me... never with me."

He chortled, lines of laughter spreading from his eyes down the red-brown cheeks, the hair of the yellow beard quivering. Still laughing, he gasped, "I never wanted my victim to get away."

They were both laughing then, and when he at last stopped, his eyes were still shot with little gleams of light, twinkles of amusement not yet dispelled. "Nevertheless, I've changed," he said. "For one thing I'm no longer fascinated with myself. Look here. I'll prove it. You do the talking this time. What have nine years done to you?"

She hesitated. "Nothing, really. And yet the years were like minutes until David's death..." She did not know how to go on, how to explain the empty feeling of being lonely, how to tell him about Charles, who had stepped into the loneliness.

He nodded his head, still looking searchingly at her. "Yes, I heard about David's death."

His words seemed to mean more than a simple statement of fact. Tilting her head, she looked up at him and saw on his face an expression she could not read. Into his eyes there had crept a gravity, almost a sombreness, that seeped, as she watched him, into her and made her breath shorten until she found herself panting slightly. He seemed enormous in the gloomy cavern of the wings, larger than life, and she turned her head from him, struggling to make the moment less significant, searching for words that would re-establish their mood of lightness.

When he spoke, his tone was gentle, the same inflection that he might have

NON-SLIP

CAT'S PAW

The finest RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

Brighter-Toned Skin Beauty



With MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

The thin outer layer of skin called "the scarf skin" has little or no blood nourishment. It is the oldest of skin layers, and without much resistance can become discolored, drab and weathered. The action of **Mercolized Wax Cream** on this skin surface is a **DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE**. An appearance of new skin beauty results—a soft glowing freshness and radiance that can be the envy of everyone. Thousands of women have used **Mercolized Wax Cream** for years. Thousands of others will **THRILL** at discovering what it may do for them. Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

2 Bushels of Ripe TOMATOES from ONE VINE



1 or 3 vines will produce enough tomatoes for the average family.

THE NEW CLIMBING TRIP-L-CROP

TOMATO rapidly grows to a height of 10 to 12 feet—often as high as 16 to 20 feet. Grow on trellis, on side of home, barn or anywhere. Can be grown as a bush in garden. Beautiful, large, crimson, solid, meaty fruits of best quality. The most productive of all tomatoes.

(Pkt. 15¢) postpaid.
FREE—OUR BIG 1948 SEED
AND NURSERY BOOK—
Bigger than Ever 33W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.



✓ Check these Points
It won't FADE
It won't SHRINK
but

It will WEAR and WEAR
and WASH and WASH!

'Viyella' FLANNEL

Test Viyella Flannel for yourself. You will be delighted with dresses and children's clothes made of Viyella, the original long wearing, shrink resisting colorfast fabric that washes and washes.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
LUX TESTED

36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

used to a frightened animal, coaxing, reassuring. "Don't fight so. We're too old now to go on with the conflict between us. Your ego against mine. Lord knows, in college my ego needed a little restraining. I was always exercising it, showing it off, trying to impress you. But I didn't come back to quarrel with you again. I'm not interested in impressing you any more. I came back to say something else..."

Some compulsion forced her to her feet, ready to flee this man who could hypnotize with a voice, a look. If she gave in now... But Charles would be here any minute; she clung to this thought. He would make her feel safe again; he never forced on her the excesses of overwrought emotion. "Stop it," she said desperately. "You frighten me. You always did. You're... you're so sudden... so overwhelming." She put one hand to her cheek and was surprised to find it damp; there was a kind of humiliation in it, to be crying in front of this man, this stranger who was not a stranger, this... this incredible person who didn't seem to know the ordinary rules of social behavior. "I can't... I can't stand it."

He had come to her side, and the face, more lined than she had realized, towered above hers like a movie close-up. She shrank away from it.

Without a word he took her hands and drew her close to him, his face coming to hers; when he kissed her, she found that she had used up her resistance to him. They stood for a minute, pressed closely to each other in a mute moment of truce, and Amy felt drugged, so drugged that she almost failed to hear the voice behind them. "Amy!"

SHE TURNED guiltily, unhappily, to face Charles, who stood disapprovingly at the stage door. In his unpressed tweeds, his hair chopped short, he looked younger than Emery, almost, she thought apprehensively, than she did herself. It was as if he had learned the secret of living untouched, shedding experience lightly, retreating from it. He said it again. "Amy!"

Beside her, Emery was speaking smoothly. "My apologies, Dean Lawrence. I'm afraid I'd forgotten the college attitude about... romance. You see, Mrs. Hilton and I... we've felt this way about each other for a long time."

No... no! Somewhere inside of her there was a renewed fire of dislike for him. How like him to assume something that was not true. Worse, he was mocking Charles, the very tone of his voice a sneer for propriety, good manners, circumspection. "Emery!" she cried. "How could you! Charles..." She stopped, cut short by a warning flicker on Charles' face. She could almost hear him say, "Be careful. Don't antagonize him. We're counting on him for the endowment, you know."

There was nothing on Charles' face now; it had resumed its usual expression of quiet satisfaction with life. She waited for him to say something, to give her some hint that she had been wrong about him, but he only looked at his watch, sedately, as if nothing had happened. "The audience..." he said. "We're already a little overtime. I'm afraid they'll be getting restless." She had been expecting... she did not know what she had been expecting... but not this, not this calm ignoring of what had happened. The pressure inside of her



The One
and
Only...



"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Player's Please

CORK TIP and PLAIN

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Lovely to live with... **Deilcraft**
OCCASIONAL FURNITURE



DESIGNED BY
IMPERIAL OF
GRAND RAPIDS

FURNITURE DIVISION
DOMINION ELECTROHOME INDUSTRIES LIMITED
KITCHENER · ONTARIO

FROM YESTERDAY...
Everlasting Charm



► With Imperial Loyalist furniture, you bring into your home the beauty and the glory that was yesteryear. It becomes your prized possession, a mark of finest quality. It is yours for all your life, something to love, something to live with. And it is engineered in wood.



Look for this brand on every piece



6A-47

crowded up through her throat and found its way out in laughter, hysterical laughter, that ended with her leaning helplessly against one of the wings . . . and still she laughed to see the way the two men stared at her.

Finally she could stop. But first she must say what must be said for Emery's sake, for Charles' sake, for her own. "Emery, I should have told you before. Charles and I . . ."

But she could not finish. Even with her face turned to Emery, she had caught the slight gesture from Charles, his hand lifted warningly, to stop her. Then she had been right. Charles wanted her to avoid the issue . . . smooth it over . . . pat Emery on the head . . . make him feel good . . . soften him up . . . the money first, always the money.

She fled then, but as she turned abruptly to go, she caught a shadow that had fallen on Emery's face, the sombre look again. It was a look that reminded her of something . . . out of the past. Once before in her lifetime she had seen that look . . . but where?

Seated in the audience of shifting college students, Amy was not conscious of the stage; she was too confused, too hopelessly muddled, to concentrate on the two men on it, too dazed to care whether Emery was talking of thief or magnate, tenement or palace, war or peace, yesterday or tomorrow.

Had Emery been right then? Did small evasions, petty hypocrisies grow until they reached the proportions of a creeping disease, sucking from its victim all sense of proportion, until it became normal for him to progress by circumvention? Or was she making too much of it? Perhaps it was Charles who was right, putting end before means, hanging on to the tangible fact of money, necessary money, money that would do good.

She gave it up wearily, knowing only that she had at last met the one evasion too important to be swallowed without moral indigestion. Had Emery foreseen this moment for her, known her better than she did herself? Emery! An older Emery! And that look on his face!

If only she could recall what the look meant to her. She knew that it was something personal, intimate, yet still it

◆ Continued on next page



SPRING TONIC for a tired dark dress . . . these crocheted shamrock-shaped epaulets. And so easily and quickly done you'll want two or three sets of them. They're done in a lacy combination of open-work and shell stitch, and here you see them in white studded with gold sequins. No. L195.

Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Price 5 cents.

TIRED EYES THRILL TO SAFE EYE-GENE

Relieved in SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle, 25¢, 60¢, and \$1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!



Wearily, irritated one minute . . .

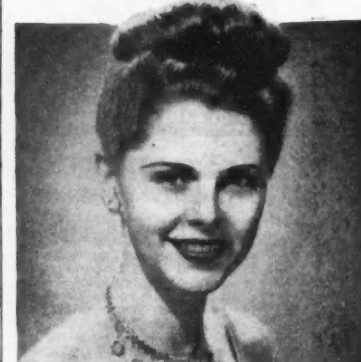


Relieved, rested, cleared the next!

FILLS URGENT NEED FOR HIGHER TYPE

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

So powerfully effective yet absolutely harmless



Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication for Hours Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

For years there has been an urgent need for a higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness—easier, daintier, more convenient—powerfully effective yet harmless with no tell-tale odor. Now thanks to Zonitors— you have it!

Positively Non-Irritating; No Burns; No Smart

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. Yet they are safe to most delicate tissues. Positively non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous.

So Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors at any drugstore.



FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. C-2478, Ste. Thérèse, Que.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE



**NEW
RUNNERLESS
STRAWBERRY**

BARON SOLEMACHER. Produces the largest berries available from seed. This greatly superior variety often flowers in eight weeks from seed. Easily grown; has no runners. Produces great quantities of luscious fruit throughout the season. Has the delicious flavor and aroma of wild strawberries; sprinkle berries with sugar a few hours before serving and they almost float in juice. A showy pot plant and fine for garden. Easily grown. Order direct from this advertisement.

(pkt. 25¢) (3 pkts. 50¢) postpaid.

FREE — OUR BIG 1948 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — Bigger than Ever 30W DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.



**BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR**

...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER!

* Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 60¢ and \$1.05 at drugists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 122, COVINGTON, KY.

**SHORTHAND in
8 Weeks at Home**

Famous Speedwriting system. No signs or symbols; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet.

SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING

306 King Street
London, Ont.
Please send details.

Name:.....

Address:.....

City:.....

remained hidden in her memory. Now when she needed it, she could not grasp it.

Her fever to know grew in her, minute by minute, until at last, when she heard clapping around her, a burst of it, she found herself working her way backstage, without consciously willing it, pushing up the aisle, nudged by the shoulders and elbows of students moving the other way.

Once in the wings, she stopped for breath. Ahead of her she could see Charles and Emery, bent over an old prop table. It was inevitable that Emery, hardly any taller than Charles, should overshadow him. He seemed to have borrowed all the sunlight in the room; his beard glowed, his face looked ruddy, his hair stuck up, as in the old days, like yellow spikes, where he had pushed his fingers through it. Beside him, Charles' face looked grey, too thin.

As she watched she could see Emery sign something, saw Charles pick up the fragment of paper and wave it in the air to dry the ink. So he had his money for which they had both paid a price, how high she did not yet know. She was too weary to try to figure it out. But a price, however intangible.

Then she saw Emery stand up, light a cigarette, biting off the smoke and blowing it through his nostrils impatiently.

They seemed to sense her presence in the same instant and turned to her simultaneously. Charles' face was still flushed with his triumph over the money; it lighted now at sight of her. She turned from it to Emery, searching for... what was it she was searching for? The look. That look again. She wanted to cry, "Don't!" because it was a look that disrupted the peaceful calm years ahead of her, years of chaperoning the campus dances, worrying about student disciplinary problems, boiling breakfast eggs exactly four and a half minutes, trying to find room on the living room shelves for more and more books... Then she remembered. Out of the past, scenes slipped across her memory, static pictures that came and went like the changing pictures of a slide lantern.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. She as Hermia and Emery as Demetrius. David somewhere in the background in one of the minor roles.

After the production, a party. The growing hilarity. Emery with a glass in his hand, his face red... a gesture of defiance, always his defiance.

"A toast," he said, waving his glass in a wide sweep. "To Hermia," he grinned impudently. "Guardian of the conventions, mistress of the proprieties, signed, sealed, and delivered over to the Philistines."

A murmur spreading over the table. David on his feet trying to pull Emery down to his chair. Emery resisting, still gesticulating, still talking... "whose gentle ways ensnare, enslave, who draws men near by drawing back..."

David shouting something. Emery escaping the hands reached out to restrain him, saying in a tired voice, "Okay, little Boy Blue, you asked for it." The sound of his fist as it landed on David's face.

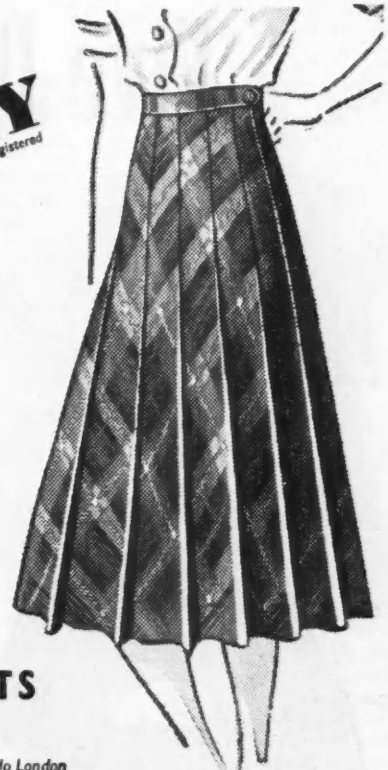
Then silence. The rim of faces standing in a circle around David's prone body. Someone pouring water on his

Continued on page 65

GOR-RAY
Registered

skirts
one
better!

KONERAY
Registered
PLEATED SKIRTS



Trade Enquiries: please cable 'Gor-ray' Wesdo London
Sole Manufacturers: Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England

Just the thing for
DRY NOSE

Put a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly in each nostril, then press nose gently. Result—dryness eased, irritation soothed—nose feels right again. Try it and see!

FIRST AID for head colds, sore throat, cuts, burns, bruises and 101 other home uses. Jars 15¢, 20¢ and 30¢. Tubes 20¢, 25¢ and 30¢.

INSIST
ON THE
GENUINE

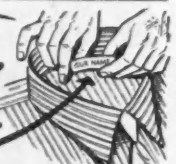
Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY



You'll love
JOLLY TIME
ALWAYS POPS
CRISP-TENDER
DELICIOUS

WHITE
OR
YELLOW

PUT YOUR
MARK
ON IT...



WITH **CASH'S** INTERWOVEN NAMES

Clothing—Household Linens—Accessories and all belongings are immediately identified as 'yours' when you use this neat, quick permanent method of marking. Sew easy—no NO-SO CEMENT

From your dealer or

CASH'S—47 Grier St., Belleville, Ont.

CASH'S NAMES	1 doz. \$1.65	9 doz. \$2.75	NO-SO CEMENT
	16 doz. \$2.30	12 doz. \$3.30	per tube 25c



**'STRETCH
BUTTER!**

That

with tasty, nourishing Paris Paté. Spreads like butter, inexpensive, just the thing for luncheons and picnics.

4-48

PARIS-PATÉ
PARIS HEAT PATTY

**SPEED UP SLOW
DRAINS**



Grease and soapy residue often slow up sink drains. When drains are clear and fast-running, sediment disappears quickly. Use 2 tablespoons a week of Gillett's Drain Cleaner to keep drains clear and fast running.

CLEAR CLOGGED DRAINS

Five Designs for Fuller Figures



HERE are five special styles for the mature figure (full through bust, hips, thicker at waist). Skirts and sleeves are soft, necklines varied for the different full-figure types. The general proportions are planned to reduce apparent size. Fabric strategy here is: choose subtle rather than vivid colors, and if it's a print, you'll be happier if the motifs are large enough to be in scale with your figure.

Number 2314 gives you these tricks if you're full above the waist: a deep V'd neck, easy front shoulder pleats, pleated front skirt, panelled back. Try this in a spring print, your jacket in harmonizing plain fabric lined with the same print.



Full below the hips? (And short and thick from underbust to hips?) **Number 2316** has slight shoulder gathers and cape sleeves in theme with triple-tiered skirt. This is a device to give you more length from bust to hips.

For a figure with full bust, hips, thick waist, **Number 2315** has a long-cut jacket, and you'll note the slimming line of the seam running right from shoulder to hem.

Where the problem is full bust but slim hips, **Number 2323** gives a suave-cut jacket whose front turns back to a deep-revered V. Its magic is in the jacket's triple flaps, one of which is cut in one with side front—to focus attention on the hips.

For the problem of an "ample" waistline, consider **Number 2308**. A front-buttoning bodice has a pointed collar, short-cuffed sleeves. Skirt is gored and you'll note that a narrow belt is advised. A good rule for thicker waists! For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see next page.



Are you in the know?



Does a square shaped hand indicate—

- ☐ An inquiring mind
- ☐ An impulsive nature
- ☐ A dynamic personality

Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about powder deodorant, and learn that Quest helps prevent chafing . . . that Quest destroys odours completely . . . it's ten to one you'll decide on Quest. It's so soft and soothing.



How to rate on a first date?

- ☐ Sling a sharp line
- ☐ Be a listening-post
- ☐ Learn his interests

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in you. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself, an art you can master on "problem days" as well, with the Kotex Wonder-form Belt. It's dainty, adjustable, washable, and fits snugly without binding.



face until he shook his head, still muttering.

Afterward, the walk home. Wandering with David down the tree-bordered streets. Walking as if down a black tunnel until they reached a corner and a street light.

Then turning to look at David in the half light, seeing his face grotesque, misshapen, swollen on the right side. Seeing, too, a look which mutely asked for understanding, sympathy, a look which bared his need for her so openly that she felt nothing but a kind of response. No defiance in his look, no mockery, no complexity, only his desire for her protection, a reaching out to be shielded from his own ineptness. It was a look she was never to forget . . .

EMERY WAS looking at her this same way now. Not Charles. But Emery. He spoke, "Amy," he said, and the way he said it seemed to fill the great cave of the stage. There was no laugh on his lips, no scorn in his eyes. "Amy," he said, "I need you. That's what I came back to tell you."

The pounding in Amy's ears was a torture. How long had she waited to hear those words from him, how long, believing they would never come. . . Now she could give in, surrendering to his surrender. Oh, Emery!

She was in his arms then, clinging desperately to him, holding back the tears. She forced herself away, taking his shoulders in her hands and looking into his face. "Emery, why didn't you ever say that before?"

"First," he said, "I had to go away to find out how unimportant I was . . . and how important you were. I had to practice learning the words."

Over Emery's shoulder Amy saw Charles going out of the stage door, and she did not care. He had Carson College, and, having it, he didn't need her. He would never be lonely . . . not as she had been lonely . . . never in the way that Emery must have been . . .

Against the blue of her jacket sleeve, Emery's hand still rested. She could see it clearly, square, the fingers long and spatulate, a triangular scar marking whitely the outer edge of the hand. She realized, without shock, that it was the hand she had painted into her picture . . . without knowing that she had remembered it. She sighed. Somehow, she had made the cycle, had held on to her love, without meaning to, had come back to it to find herself needed again . . . She was content. ♦

Pattern Descriptions and Details for Ordering

2314—Women's Dress and Jacket. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 38, Dress and Jacket Lining: 6¼ of 39"; 5¼ of 41". Jacket: 2½ of 39" or 41"; 1¼ of 54". Price 25c.

2316—Women's One-Piece Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 38: 5¼ of 35"; 4¼ of 39"; 4¼ of 41". Price 25c.

2315—Women's Suit. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 38: 4¼ of 39"; 3¼ of 54" material with or without nap. Jacket Lining: 2¼ of 39". Price 25c.

2322—Misses' and Women's Two-piece Suit. Half sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 18½: 4¼ of 39"; 3¼ of 54" material with or without nap. Jacket Lining: 1¼ of 39". Price 25c.

2308—Misses' and Women's One-piece Dress. Half sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 18½: 4¼ of 35"; 3¼ of 39"; 3¼ of 41"; 2¼ of 54". Price 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Are you in the know?



To a clever hostess, what's a good mixer?

- ☐ Cement
- ☐ Circus party
- ☐ Cola and Hamburgers

When it's your turn to entertain, be different! Pin up home-made circus posters . . . have your guests come dressed like a Big Top troupe. It's a

mixer that can't miss! And don't you miss the fun—even if your calendar says "Kill-joy is here"! Whatever your costume, those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent telltale outlines. And what with that exclusive safety centre giving you extra protection—you'll be gay as a callopie!



If you're chatter-shy, which date is wisest?

- ☐ Dancing
- ☐ Dinner
- ☐ An active sport

Maybe you're no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at—and conversation will take care of itself. You're confident, too (on "those" days) with the comfort of new Kotex. For there's never been a napkin like this new Kotex! With downy softness that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it. And you can bend as freely as you please, for your Kotex Sanitary Belt doesn't bind; it's adjustable, all-elastic!



She'll cut more ice with him if she—

- ☐ Grooms those gams
- ☐ Goes in for hockey
- ☐ Plays oh-so-helpless

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzzless . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of napkin aids your self-assurance. Choose from the 3 sizes of Kotex . . . there's one that's perfect for your own special needs!



★T.M. Reg.

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
sanitary napkins

Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super



with CRANE HOT WATER HEATING

The "bare-toe-test" will quickly tell you whether your heating system is doing its job—providing even, comfortable warmth at all hours, in all weather.

Hot water heating by Crane is the most effective answer to the rigors and extremes of our Northern climate. Every day, in all types of Canadian homes, from "show-places" to smallest cottages, Crane heating is proving its dependability, economy and ease of control. Capacities and prices cover the complete range of domestic requirements. When the time comes for you to build, buy or modernize, enjoy the tested, lifelong advantages of CRANE hot water heating. And, when you talk with your Architect and Plumbing and Heating Contractor, keep in mind that Crane heating includes, as a balanced system, the piping, fittings, valves, controls and accessories which spell overall comfort.



DID YOU GET YOUR COPY?

Our illustrated booklet, "How to Select The RIGHT Heating System For Your Home" gives unbiased information on all types from which you can select the one best suited to your overall needs. It's free—send for a copy.

CRANE

AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES

**Plumbing Fixtures • Heating Equipment
Valves • Fittings • Piping**

CRANE LIMITED, General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal, 2, Canada
Branches in 18 Cities in Canada and Newfoundland

NATION WIDE REPRESENTATION THROUGH PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS EVERYWHERE

Girl I'll Always Remember

Continued from page 23

who had settled in France and made a great fortune. This lovely villa was a wedding present from her father. Apart from it she had no roots anywhere. The husband had deserted her the first year of the war and was rumored to be living in Lisbon with an American blonde.

"Madame Bracque remained in her beloved villa, with a few servants, to face the Nazis. She told them she would not vacate the place and that she expected them 'to behave like guests not conquerors.' And they did. They left her house in perfect condition.

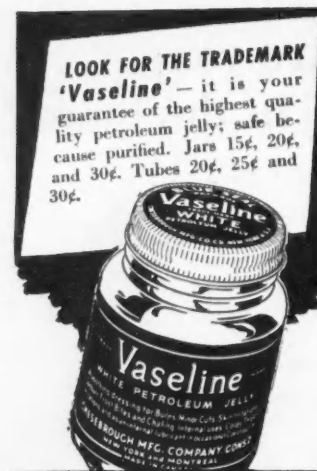
"As victory approached, the cognac and champagne parties given by some of the Allied officers became increasingly noisy and boisterous. When the whole atmosphere became too much for her she would slip out a side door, mount her little red bicycle, and go pedalling off through the forest. Her bicycle was her most precious possession.

"Shortly before VE-Day the bicycle was stolen. I arrived at the villa to find a general uproar, with Madame Bracque sobbing hysterically. With several of my RCAF airmen I set out in our jeeps to search the district. Late that night we found the bicycle abandoned in a nearby village. Madame Bracque showered me with kisses and insisted that I join her in a cognac in her sitting room.

"Immediately after VE-Day the Allied officers started to leave. Madame Bracque appeared to be heartbroken. 'Oh, this is terrible,' she kept saying. 'Everybody leaving—leaving me alone.' But her inner happiness was unmistakable and, like a happy child, she wandered about the villa readjusting the furnishings. The morning I left as my jeep wound out the drive I looked back and saw Madame Bracque standing, looking very small and pathetic, stroking her little red bicycle."



YOUSUF KARSH, the Ottawa camera genius whose portraits of famous people are known the world over: "Try as I want to think of a second 'Girl I'll Always Remember,' I can't! There's only one. The one I will forevermore remember. She's mischievous and naughty as an elf... She's gay and yet can be so sad... She's tender and loving and yet scolds me and pampers me by



Promptly relieves COUGHS of

CHEST COLDS

Helps Break Up Congestion!

At first sign of a chest cold—rub Musterole on chest, throat and back. Musterole promptly relieves coughs and tight soreness in chest muscles. Musterole penetrates deep and helps break up the congestion! In 3 strengths.

MUSTEROLE

STRAWBERRY GUAVA

Delicious, Sweet and Spicy

This is a luscious tropical fruit which makes a useful as well as a charming and beautiful house plant. It bears both flowers and fruit at the same time. The flowers are pure white and delightfully fragrant. The fruit is about the size of a walnut, of a beautiful reddish color, and of delicious, sweet and spicy flavor. Fine for eating out of hand, and unsurpassed for making jelly. These plants are usually grown from seed and begin to bloom and bear fruit while quite small.



(Pkt 25¢) (3 Pkts 50¢) postpaid.
FREE — OUR BIG 1948 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — Bigger than Ever 34¢
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

NOW — HOME COSMETIC For GRAY HAIR!



Give your gray hair natural-looking color again, yourself, in the privacy of your own home. Mary T. Goldman's, wonderful clear liquid cosmetic, stops gray hair worries for thousands! So easy! Simply comb through hair. Won't bother wave, nor spoil hair texture. Guaranteed to give gray hair the youthful-looking shade you want or your money back. Get Mary T. Goldman's today no substitute!

at your drug or department store. Accept free trial kit.

MARY T. GOLDMAN CO.
W-5 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul 2, Minn.

Send FREE sample. (Check color desired.)

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown
☐ Light Brown ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

**IT'S VI-TONE
FOR VITALITY!**



**CHILDREN
LOVE MILK IMPROVED
WITH NOURISHING—
VI-TONE**

What a joy to see them well and happy! What a pleasure when they enjoy the food that will help to build good health and strong bodies! VI-TONE—the delicious chocolate-flavored food drink—is a great favorite with children. It is scientifically blended for easy digestion and mixes smoothly with hot or cold milk. Serve VI-TONE often as a year-round health builder for children—and adults too!



**DELICIOUS, NOURISHING,
CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED**

turn when I'm ill . . . Takes care of all business matters at the Studio, pays the bills and the staff. Writes most of my 'important' letters and, although there are two secretaries, will probably end up typing this herself. Does my packing and hers when we travel together. Worries about me when I travel alone . . . Works some of the days at the Studio and comes home to make the most wonderful dinner. Can look like a tomboy in the morning tending the garden of vegetables, herbs and flowers . . . Finds time to plan a new rock garden with pool attached—in the same day turns around and has a supper party for 20—does all the cooking herself and manages to look like a heavenly angel!—She's the only girl I'll always remember and I was lucky—for she's the girl I married!"



LASTLY, Boris Volkoff, exponent of the ballet: "For 20 years I have not forgotten her. Slim and willowy, her laugh burst out with sheer joy. It made my hair bristle and curl and the blood rush to my cheeks,

then in some strange way left me speechless.

"Her name, incidently, was Zoya—she called me 'Boria,' a nickname for Boris. Naturally we saw each other every day at the State Ballet School in Moscow. Occasionally she watched me working, until one day I did something best in the class. Out burst her thunderous laughter in pure happiness at my success. She was asked to leave the classroom. I did not feel very happy.

"One day, the School Director announced an audition for a new company being formed under Mikhail Mordkin to tour Europe and North America. On the day of the audition there was a large committee of high-ranking teachers and directors. A little nervous, I did what the committee asked and was received with approval. When the School Director asked me to show what I would like to do, I knew that I had passed safely. Then I went all out with jumps, turns and finally the 'windmill turn' on the floor, all at a good clip. This brought the house down with applause and laughter. Zoya's happy laughter echoed above all the rest.

"Six months later, another company was formed under the Soviet Government to tour through Siberia—Zoya was graciously included. I remember the day early in May as I stood in the Grand Station waiting to depart—for where? There was the whistle—how I ran! Friends, parents, gathered to bid farewell and good luck; she among them.

"Early in September, 1926, my telephone rang in Shanghai—it was Zoya—she wanted to have dinner with me—our last supper together. Later I drove her to the ship. No roar of the sea, no roar of thunderous laughter. She went to the East—I went to the West . . . but I still remember!" ♦

A LOVELY SKIN

If your skin is normal, oily, dry or sallow, you'll be interested in Service Bulletin No. 18—priced at 10 cents. It will help you correct complexion faults. Write: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

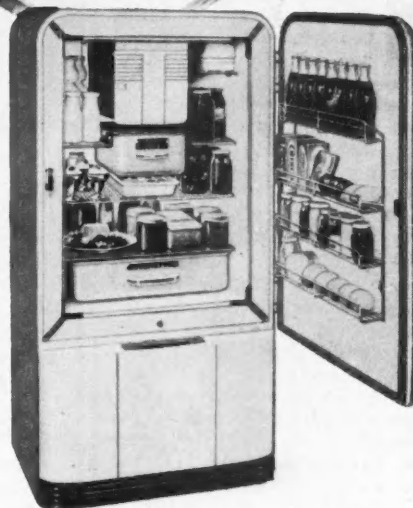
*There's no
need to
Guess
at Food
Temperature!*

**This is important
to you —**

**Ask your
Westinghouse Dealer
about TRUE-TEMP**



**ONLY
WESTINGHOUSE
GIVES YOU
TRUE-TEMP
positive
COLD CONTROL**



Only the TRUE-TEMP control is marked in actual degrees of temperature . . . the actual temperature of the air in which your food is preserved.

May not seem a big difference but it is vitally important to the proper preservation of your food, because TRUE-TEMP is the only cold-control that operates on the temperature of the food compartment, keeping it at the constant temperature you have chosen.

Why take chances with food at present prices . . . when you can be SURE with Westinghouse TRUE-TEMP?

ADDED FEATURES

Sanalloy Super-Froster
Covered Meat Keeper
Glass-topped Humidrawer
Convenient Stor-Dor
Turret-top All-steel Cabinet
Fibreglass Insulation
Economiser Sealed-in Unit
Built-in Watchman
Lifetime Hardware



151M902

*You get MORE in a
Westinghouse*

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO. LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

Who, me?



*of course I always
use Tampax!*

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

How could she lead the active life she does if she didn't have Tampax to depend on during those miserable days each month?... Tampax is that different kind of monthly protection you have heard about—worn *internally* without any belts, pins or external pads whatever! It's a very modern product indeed, invented by a doctor and now sold at practically all drug and notion counters in city or country wherever you live. And that's a fact!

There is plenty to tell about Tampax! It is fashioned of pure surgical cotton compressed in those slim white applicators for dainty insertion. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and you don't feel it when in place. It *cannot* cause bulges or ridges under a dress. And when disposal time comes, Tampax has only 1/15 the bulk of the "other kind."

No chafing. No odor. Quick to change. Wear it in your tub or shower. Millions of women depend upon Tampax every month. The Economy Box holds four months' average supply. Three absorbency-sizes to choose from—Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation, Brampton, Ontario.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED,
Brampton, Ont.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....48-1

Chatelaine

Volume 21
Number 2



Cover Photograph
by Brigid's

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, C.B.E.
Editor

MARY-ETTA MACPHERSON
Managing Editor

ALMEDA GLASSEY
Associate Editor

ADELE WHITE
Health and Beauty Editor

EVELYN KELLY
Fashion Editor

LOTTA DEMPSEY
Teens and Careers

FRANCIS CRACK
Art Editor

MARIE HOLMES
Director Chatelaine Institute

HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Consulting Director

JANE MONTEITH
Chief Assistant

JACQUELINE ROY
Technician

MARY JUKES
Consumer Relations

JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH
Home Planning

E. CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.
Child Health Clinic

N. ROY PERRY
Business Manager

NOEL R. BARBOUR
Advertising Manager

G. V. LAUGHTON
Circulation Director

H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director
Maclean-Hunter Publications

CONTENTS

for February

Fiction

- Delphinium in the Garden . . . Nancy Laing 17
Forecast for Tomorrow . . . Lorna Francis 18
Maxy . . . Helen Hofmann Pope 20
My Love Must be a Mantle . . . Dick & Barbara Jones 31

General Features

- Cruelty to Speakers . . . Byrne Hope Sanders 2
"Dear Editor" . . . 3
Problems Fixed Here . . . M. A. Francis 8
Fan Fare . . . 12
Mix Your Mixed Parties . . . Jack Mosher 14
Would you be Hired or Fired? . . . Lotta Dempsey 26

Fashion

- Fashion Shorts . . . 4
Little Women . . . Evelyn Kelly 24
Tea Time . . . Marie Le Cerf 45
For Fuller Figures (patterns) . . . 64

Beauty

- The Girl I'll Remember . . . Adele White 22

Home Planning

- They Grow; They Decorate . . . 6

Housekeeping

- How to Cook Pork . . . Marie Holmes 28
Helen Campbell's Page . . . 45
Perfect Pancakes . . . Jacqueline Roy 54
Meals of the Month . . . 56

Child Health Clinic

- "My Child is Too Fat" . . . Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D. 10

Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 461 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman, HORACE T. HUNTER, President, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President, THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Treasurer. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON. S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, 1 year \$1.50, 2 years \$2.50, 3 years \$3.00; all other parts of the British Empire \$2.00 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.50 per year; all other countries \$3.50 per year (renewals only accepted for outside Canada). Single copies 15c. Copyright 1948, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.



Renew Old
Friendships
COME TO
BRITAIN

Nelson's Column
Trafalgar Square
London

Whether you come for pleasure or business . . . Whether you come to explore battle-scarred cities or towns and villages whose old-world loveliness is untouched, unchanged . . . Britain will welcome you with warm and friendly hospitality. Exchange is favourable to the dollar — your vacation funds buy extra pleasure in Britain now. Make all reservations—for transportation and hotel accommodation — early . . . See your Travel Agent now for the answers to your vacation-in-Britain questions.

INFORMATION

Mail this coupon, for
beautifully illustrated
literature to:



THE BRITISH
TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Name.....

Address.....

Issued by The Travel Association of Great Britain and
Northern Ireland, Tourist Division of The British Tourist and
Holidays Board.



Costume by Murray Bowen

Bruck
FABRICS

Canada's Distinguished Fabric



Fantasy in Fabric

Fine Fabrics by Bruck reflecting the fresh beauty of
spring in enchanting colors and sprightly patterns ...
a source of inspiration for the season's loveliest fashions.

BRUCK SILK MILLS LIMITED - Montreal and Toronto

Bruck Fabrics are sold by the yard in leading stores everywhere.

When MINUTES Count



4205 Tests* Proved

Old Dutch Cleanser **FASTEST-EASIEST** of ALL leading cleansers



"Ho...hum! What a swell friend Old Dutch is going to be tonight! Just two spoonfuls in the dishwater and these glasses and dishes'll sparkle!

Those greasy pans? They're not so much! 'Cause Old Dutch dissolves grease...fast. Yes, and that Seismotite in Old Dutch... now there's the stuff for getting rid of dirt

and stains. That's Old Dutch for you...a friend in need. Sure-fire for faster, easier cleaning when your cleaning minutes count!

So ladies, remember my little hint on dishwashing. And try Old Dutch Cleanser yourself. See how many minutes, how much rubbing you save on soiled, greasy pans and dishes... your sink, tub, and washbowl!

P. S. Louise says to notice how easy Old Dutch Cleanser is on the hands."

Listen to NICK CARTER
Every Sunday on Mutual
See paper for time and station

* Cleansers widely known in the U.S. and Canada were tested on soiled, greasy surfaces. And Old Dutch cleaned fastest, easiest of all!

Made in Canada



© The Cudahy Packing Co., 1947

